









# METROPOLITAN RECORD.

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## The Mountain Fight.

[Written for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

BY JOHN J. DALY.

[It is related by historians that in order to subjugate the vast body of the Irish people who had refused allegiance to her, Queen Elizabeth sent over the flower of her army under the command of Lord Essex with orders to scour the country and slay indiscriminately all whom they would encounter in their march.]

Hol buglers, sound your trumpets,  
And bid my hosts advance!

Unfurl each banner to the breeze!

Couch each his trusty lance,  
And rush as lightning on the foe

And scourge them from the land,  
For it never was known that 'gainst your charge

The rebel Celts could stand:

And our own Queen, our Elizabeth

Hath bidden me to say,  
That you will prove the love you bear

For her upon this day,  
By the widow and the orphan

Who will rend their hair and weep,  
For the husband and the father,

Whom you've laid in death's cold sleep.

Lead notes the brazen trumpets rang

The powerful war horns heaved,  
And pawed impatiently the ground.

Fierce warriors arrayed

In armour-proof, came pouring forth

From Dublin's castle wall,  
With squires to bear their shields along

For battle eager all.

And well might lordly Essex's pride,

In that vast, living throng,

As thro' morass and mountain pass

He watched them march along;

And as they glide, elate with pride,

From out the gate that day,

Fife, bugle, trumpet and clarion rang

To cheer them on their way.

They marched by verdant meadows,

They marched by rippling stream,

While brightly in the noon-day sun,

Their burnished helmets gleam;

They laid each cut in ruins—

Nor could a mother's tear

Save from a sad, untimely death,

The child her heart held dear;

Nor was the infant few days born—

The old man white with age,

Tho' tottering on the grave, exempt

From their remorseless rage—

But as the murdered victim's groans

Fell on their kinsman's ear

From every brake arose the foe

With brandished pike and spear.

With glaring eye the peasants rushed

Upon the helm-clad foe;

And many a warrior sank to earth,

Beneath a peasant's blow:

And the lofty rocks, which ne'er before

With human gore were dyed,

From their lowly bed grew sudden red,

As flowed the crimson tide;

And loud and high the vengeful cry

Of Erin's clansmen rang

'Round on the Briton's listening ear

When fleeing thro' the glen;

'No pity show the dastard foe!

Strike home till all be dead,

For from on high descends the cry

For vengeance on their heads."

Lord Essex tried to stem the tide,

But vain was his essay,

For right and left before the foe,

His legions vast give way;

And once again across the plain,

Closely pursued, they passed,

And reach they soon the Castle's walls,

With hurried tread and fast;—

But where was that joyous throng,

That at the mor'n's gray light

Passed swiftly from the city's walls,

Accoutred for the fight?

Some crept among the Wexford hills,

Some homeward fast had fled:

But the most and bravest of that band

Lay numbered with the dead.

HALIFAX, N. S., September 18 59.

## THE VENDETTA.

### A CORSICAN STORY.

[Translated from the French of the Comtesse de la Roche, for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

[The admirable story which we continue in this week's RECORD is the production of the Comtesse de la Roche, who occupies a high position among modern French writers. It is her latest work, and is now translated into English for the first time. The scene is laid in Corsica, a country about which little has been written in fictional literature—a circumstance which gives it a fresh

charm and an additional interest. We may say, in conclusion, that it has received the high sanction of his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Tours.]

### CHAPTER II. THE CORSICANS.

Early the following morning I called upon the Baroness and found her endeavoring to procure a nurse for the little waif thrown upon our hands. After this important matter was satisfactorily arranged I inquired about the other children, and found them both suffering from fever. "From Tebaldo's present condition," said the Baroness, "we cannot ask him any questions, although it would be very necessary to know at least the name of his family and the village where they lived, as well as the place where his father was murdered, in order that justice may overtake the guilty."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the little girl could give us some information."

"Perhaps so; for though she has the fever, she is not delirious, like her brother."

The little girl told us her name was Clarita Loncini; that she was born in Piovella, where her aunt and grandfather still lived, but she could not tell us how nor where her poor father was killed. She could only remember that it happened in the middle of the day, and in a wood where they sought shelter from the heat of the midday sun. The child was awakened by her mother's screams, and the first object that met her eye was her father prostrate on the ground and bathed in blood. Vainly did his agonized wife call upon his name—he was dead. She was roused from her stupor by the sound of horses' hoofs and the report of a second musket shot. Starting up she fled in terror, dragging her children with her; they got lost in the woods, and wandered about until they reached the stable, where they stopped, overpowered with fatigue. Clarita shuddered as she related the fearful story. Tenderly we caressed and wept over her, and our sympathy lessened the sadness of that sweet young face.

Immediately after this conversation the Baroness wrote to the Mayor of Piovella requesting him to inform the Loncini family cautiously of the double loss they had sustained. A detachment of Corsican voltigeurs was ordered out to search for the body of Antonio Loncini and arrest the murderer if he could be discovered.

Next morning, as soon as Mass was over, I hastened to the Baroness and found her in the garden. "Tebaldo is much better," she said, when she saw me approaching. "He slept tranquilly all the night."

"That's well, said I, "but is there any news from the voltigeurs? Have they made any discovery?"

"They have discovered in a wood four leagues from Bastia a secluded spot almost saturated with blood, and they have brought in a horse and a valise which Clarita recognized as belonging to her father, but the body has not been found."

"Perhaps Antonio is not dead," I cried; "what happiness for the poor children if their father should be restored to them."

The Baroness shook her head. "We must not expect that," she said sadly; however, in any case, do not speak of it to Tebaldo, for fear of exciting false hopes."

The morning was beautiful and the air was balmy with the perfume of flowering orange and citron trees. As we leaned over the terrace, looking on the sea so peaceful and transparent, on whose bosom glided the homeward-bound fishing smacks, the nine o'clock bell tolled, and as the last stroke died away a steamboat shot rapidly past, leaving in her wake a track of foam. We were startled by a smothered sigh near us and, turning, we saw Tebaldo.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" demanded the Baroness.

"Oh, Madame, is not that vessel bound for France?"

"Yes, my child."

"That, then, is the vessel we were going in; and if this sorrow had not come upon us we would all have been there together. Oh, my poor mother, who so longed for this day."

Falling upon his knees he wept bitterly. They were the first tears he had shed since that terrible catastrophe, and we let them flow without interruption, for we felt that they would give him relief.

"My poor child," said Madame D—, "follow the example which your kind mother has set you; emulate her courage and resignation; pray to God, my child, who never forsakes those who call upon him."

"And to say that in three days we would have been safe from all danger," said Tebaldo, pursuing his own thoughts."

"Did your father know that he was in great danger?" we asked.

"No," replied the boy, "we did not think we had anything to fear, for the Fabianos had left the island seven years ago and we had not heard of their return."

"Who are these Fabianos?" I asked.

"The enemies of our family for more than a century. There has been much blood shed between us; they have killed more than ten of ours, but we have not been idle," he added, with a species of savage pride. "I was only six years old when they besieged our house, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, that I carried the cartridges to my father; my poor mother fainted; but Annunziata fired like a man. Oh, what a brave woman my aunt Annunziata is! Our house is well fortified, and every window has iron bars, but when the shepherds came to our assistance it was time, for all our ammunition was expended."

"What customs! Mon Dieu, what barbarous customs," cried the Baroness.

Tebaldo regarded her with astonishment. "You speak like my mother," said he; she always shuddered at our ways, which she considered barbarous. Annunziata used to say that her sister-in-law had no more courage than a hind, but my poor mother was so mild and so good that every body loved her."

"Endeavor to be like her, Tebaldo. But what were you going to do upon the Continent?"

"To pursue my studies, Madame; my father intended to leave me at the college after we had seen my aunt Falmont, my mother's only living relative."

The church bell began to toll, and the Baroness requested Tebaldo to accompany her there.

"You can offer up your prayers to God for the souls of your father and mother; it is now all you can do for them."

"No not all," said Tebaldo, hurrying on. "Did you hear him, my friend?" said I.

"Alas! yes," she replied, "his young heart is already troubled with a vague desire of vengeance; there is no hope for him except in a truly Christian education, which if he does not receive his hands will one day or other be sullied with blood. He is proud, violent and vindictive, like all his race, but he has also the noble qualities of the national character, their courage, love of family and country, and a consciousness of his own dignity. Oh, he is a true Corsican."

"Yes, the Corsican of the Mountains."

Turning at the sound of the voice we saw Doctor Saludo, who had overtaken us.

But all Corsicans do not resemble the mountaineers," said I maliciously; for he was from Bastia, and I loved to tease him.

"No, Madame, a hundred times no; their manners and customs are as varied as the districts they inhabit. Do you imagine that *Bastiecses* and the people of the sea-coast towns, or even the peasants of Balagna, or Nebbio, or Cape Corso, or any native of the side of the island nearest the civilized world, resembles the mountaineers of Sartena, of Ajaccio, or of Corte? The Pheniciens, the Greeks the Romans, the Genoese, the English, the French, have in turn possessed Corsica, and each nation has left its traces upon our population."

"But how is it," said I, "that within these narrow limits different manners and customs are not founded gradually, as in France, England and elsewhere?"

"That is easily explained, Madame; Corsica is but a chain of mountains, which extend from one extremity of the island to the other, from Cape Corso to Cape Bonifacio, and these mountains broken up by wild gorges and narrow valleys offer little facilities for communication. We have no navigable rivers and no highways; the roads from Bastia to Ajaccio and from Bastia to San Fiorenza are the only ones on which vehicles can travel, and these have been laid within the last fifty years. In every other direction, whether across rocks or through woods we must go on horseback, and that often at the risk of breaking our necks. These difficulties, joined to the natural carelessness of the Corsican for everything that does not immediately affect himself, makes those who are separated by a hill strangers to each other. In fact few of the mountaineers ever go down into the plains, and many of the country people die without having once set foot in our cities."

"Will you also explain to us," said I, "that love of vengeance which is the distinguishing mark of the Corsican character. During the short time that I have been in Bastia, the most civilized city in the island, three murders have been committed in the quarter where I reside. Is not that deplorable, Doctor?"

"I regret it as deeply as you do, Madame, and so do all wise and enlightened Corsicans—and they are a large proportion of our population—but let us hope that the rising generation, educated on the continent, will fling aside, or rather entirely uproot, the relics of a barbarous past. Then, too, our military men, educated in your army, where they have risen by their bravery and other brilliant and solid qualities, imbibing the very spirit of honor, will bring back enlightened principles which will gradually modify and improve the manners of our entire population. It must be confessed, however, that the amelioration will be slow at first, and that the spirit of hatred and revenge will hold out long against the progress of modern ideas, for the strength of early prejudices is such that it holds sway over the most cultivated minds, and the dread of public contempt which here falls upon any man who refuses to revenge his wrongs, that miserable human respect which stifles the voice of conscience, has often driven men to murder who were naturally disposed to be kind and generous."

"Make it a point of honor to assassinate! Raise murder into a virtue!" I exclaimed; "that is frightful, doctor, and your countrymen must be wretches."

"You know well that's not so," he replied indignantly, for, although agreeing with me on the fatal effects of the *vendetta*, our good doctor could not endure railery on any point that touched the national honor. The Corsicans possess the noblest qualities, they are hospitable and faithful to their engagements. Fraud and rapine are unknown among them, you may leave your house open night and day, you may travel



laden with gold over mountains and valleys without fear of losing the smallest portion of your wealth; robbery among us is deemed disgraceful, and inspires only the most profound contempt; the *vendetta* itself would never have taken root among us if it had not its origin in a sentiment of honor and an exalted love of justice."

"The *vendetta*, a love of justice!" I exclaimed, interrupting the Doctor.

"You would find it very difficult to make me believe that."

"That is because you do not know our history," said he quickly, "You do not know that the Corsican, oppressed and groaning under the Genoese yoke, finding neither justice nor protection in the laws or the magistracy, was forced to seek it in the wild justice of revenge. When the guilty could purchase impunity for crime it was well that the courage of the injured party should act as a counterpoise to the iniquity of the judge."

"That would make the *vendetta* less odious," I said, "but not less criminal, for nothing in my opinion can justify assassination."

"The *vendetta* cannot be regarded as an assassination," said he, "it is almost always an open and declared war, and it has its own laws, which are invariably respected. Generally before hostilities commence an emissary of the injured party enters the house of him who indicted the wrong and warns him in these words: 'War is declared between us; I give you eight days to warn your friends and relations; at the end of that time beware,' and there is scarcely an example of this time of truce having been violated by either party. In all this, Madame, there is nothing base, nothing even unjust."

"Do not give yourself so much trouble to defend a bad cause," said I, smiling at the warmth with which the Doctor expressed himself. "I do not reproach you with baseness, and I know that you are only too sensitive on the point of honor."

"Alas," said the Baroness, who had listened to us in silence, "when will the spirit of charity reign over the earth? When will men who acknowledge the same God as their father, look upon each other as brethren? Every day I hear discussions upon the best means of civilizing Corsica. Some say that in order to succeed it is only necessary to make roads throughout the island, by means of which modern ideas can penetrate into the very interior; others maintain that trial by jury has indicted on the *vendetta* a blow from which it can never recover, and others seriously declare that by destroying the goats—that scourge of rural property in Corsica—the most common subject of quarrels and hatred would be removed, while others again would burn the woods and cultivate the fallow grounds. It seems to me this great work of civilization which now occupies all minds is of merely secondary importance, and that Corsican regeneration must be based on a Christian education which alone can ameliorate the condition of nations as well as of individuals. Not a word Doctor," she added, seeing he was about to interrupt her. "I know beforehand all you can urge. The Corsican is religious I admit, and would seal with his blood, if necessary his faith in Christ, but his devotion is not enlightened; he knows the exterior practices of his religion but very little of its essence, which is the spirit of love and good will to all. Send throughout the island priests imbued with the evangelical spirit, multiply the establishments of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of the different orders, who have already done so much good among the people; have convents in which young girls of the higher classes can receive a Christian education, for women, no matter what position they occupy in a country, will always exercise immense influence upon opinion. Do this and you will soon see the results of true Catholic teaching."

"You are right," replied the Doctor gravely, "yes, you are certainly right, why have we not thought of this before?"

"Meantime," said the Baroness, "we will visit our little invalid, who it appears to me, is very slowly recovering."

### CHAPTER III.

#### A MEETING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF BASTIA.

On the evening of the same day when setting out for my accustomed walk, my husband told me that urgent business detained him at home, and that he could not accompany me. To compensate for this disappointment, I took my children and their nurse, directed my steps towards the mountain, and disdaining the beaten path, struck into a thicket of myrtle. We soon got bewildered in a deep narrow gorge, overgrown with wild citron, lentis, and laurel-roses. Crossing the little brook which murmured at the bottom of the ravine, we climbed half way up the hill, and gained a kind of platform shaded by oaks and olives, where, fatigued by the ascent, I rested on a mossy stone. Before me spread a forest of arbutus, whose red and flexible stems, evergreen foliage, delicate white blossoms, and bright scarlet fruits formed a pleasing contrast of colors. The ground was nearly covered with fallen berries, which the children gathered in great quantities, filling their straw hats, which they converted into baskets for the occasion. The horizon was brightened with the rays of the setting sun; no cloud veiled the azure of the heavens, and the valley spread out before me in all its luxuriant vegetation, while the sea, majestic, profound, and limitless, seemed like the image of the Infinite. The atmosphere was so clear that I could see the shores of Tuscany, more than twenty leagues distant, while Monte Cristo and Capraja threw the shadow of their savage rocks upon the sleeping waters, and the white mansions of the Isle of Elba were distinctly visible in the rays of the setting sun. Long did I gaze upon that island, made illustrious by the memory of the great Corsican, who, after having reduced Europe to submission, was at last confined to this poor little island kingdom, in which he had scarcely room to breathe. Absorbed in thought, the time flew past unheeded, and only when the sun disappeared beneath the waves did I become conscious that it was too late to be so far from home. Calling my children and their *bonne*, I hastened forward, they running before, the nurse and I following through the winding paths that led down the hill. This brought us, at last, to a forest of chestnut trees, whose fading leaves thickly strewed the ground; thousands of birds were warbling on the topmost branches, and the murmuring of a limpid stream, which fell in cascades from a rock, formed a noble bass to the concert. 'Twas a scene of enchantment.

"My God!" I said, from the bottom of my heart, "how good you are, thus to diversify your gifts, in order to increase our pleasure!"

Walking slowly along, indulging in these pleasant thoughts, an almost inaudible noise attracted my attention. I paused to listen. It was the step of a man treading on the dead leaves, which crackled under his feet. To meet a living creature in the neighborhood of a city containing thirty thousand inhabitants might not seem either strange or alarming; but the evening was gathering round, and the place was so wild and solitary, that I involuntarily shuddered. Meantime the sound became every moment more distinct, but I said to myself that it must be some belated villager returning to his home, and laughed at my own terror, although my heart beat quicker than usual.

The steps came nearer and nearer, then suddenly stopped. I turned hastily, and perceived, ten paces from me, a man of lofty stature standing between two chestnut trees, and observing me attentively with eyes that gleamed through the darkness. The lower part of his face was hidden by a thick, heavy beard; his head was covered by a long, pointed bonnet, and he was muffled in a *pelone*, or hooded cloak of coarse shaggy cloth, made on the island, and worn universally by the Corsicans. He had a

musket over his shoulder, a cartridge box and pistol by his left side, and he held by the bridle a small horse, which pawed the ground in its impatience. This strange figure exercised over me a species of fascination, for I was unable to move from terror. At last, collecting all my strength, I took my children by the hand, and began running as rapidly as I could over the uneven ground, but suddenly I was brought to a stand-still by the brook, whose murmuring music had been a source of pleasure but a few moments before. It was not deep, but nevertheless we could not pass over it dry-shod, and I knew not what to do, for I did not dare to turn back. Suddenly I heard a voice saying, in the Corsican dialect:

"Leave it to me!"

And before I had time to protest, I was lifted by two strong arms and carried to the other side. The cry which involuntarily escaped me forced a smile from my bearded acquaintance, for it was he. In the same way he passed over the nurse and children, and then, walking beside me observed:

"You do not belong to this country, signora?"

"No, monsieur," I replied, in a trembling voice.

"How long have you lived in Bastia?"

"For the last six months."

"Ah! then your husband is in the employ of the French Government?"

"Yes, I replied," very much surprised at the cross-questioning to which I was subjected, for I did not then know how inquisitive and curious the Corsicans naturally are.

"Has he a good situation?" he asked.

"Such as it is, we are contented with it," I answered.

"What are they doing in Bastia?" was the next question; to which I answered that he ought to know much better than I, for I presumed it was his home.

"What, I live in Bastia?" he cried, in a contemptuous tone. "Oh, no signora, thank you; I am from beyond the mountains, and there is as much difference between a Corsican from my part of the country and a Bastiaccio, as there is between this stiletto and a common knife."

He drew from its red morocco case the brightest and sharpest looking stiletto I had ever seen, in view of which unanswerable argument I took care not to contradict him; moreover, I did not wish to prolong the conversation.

"That by-way will bring you strait to the city, since it is there you want to go," said he to me, pointing out a narrow pathway through the thicket.

"Thanks," said I; "I must hasten onwards, for I am anxious to reach home."

He watched our progress for some time, then turned his horse's head in an opposite direction, and the sound of an old ballad which he had been singing died away in the distance.

When I reached home I found many friends there before me, to whom I related my adventure in the woods. They laughed at my panic terror, and I defended myself by saying that I had taken the man for a bandit, and that any one in my place would have thought so too.

"And what if he were a bandit," said Dr. Saludo, "you had nothing to fear from him; your husband has no *vendetta* with any one that I am aware of; and even if he had, his wife and children would be safe among us. Besides, the word 'bandit,' which appears to terrify you so much, means neither a robber nor a degraded criminal, but simply and solely an outlaw; in Italian a banished man. A bandit will waylay and kill his enemy, but he will not injure a person who has not offended him. He will accept from his friends powder and shot, which are indispensable in the woods, and often bread and *potenta*, which he uses for food; but far from stealing the smallest thing, he would consider it a duty to himself to punish, in an exemplary manner, men guilty of such actions; so much does he dread being confounded with them.

Thus you see the condition of a bandit is not regarded as dishonorable, and it is not rare to see very excellent people on terms of friendship and good-fellowship with them, and many of these men reappear in society after having purged themselves of their outlawry, and take the place they formerly occupied there without having lost any thing in public estimation."

"All that, however, does not prove that the eyes of my friend with the long beard were common ones," said I, smiling; "and for the rest, my dear doctor, the bandits in Corsica ought to present you with a lanceet at the least, for the chivalrous manner in which you have defended them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**DURATION OF LIFE IN EUROPE.**—The Clinique Europeenne, published by Dr. Kraus, in an article on this important subject, states that before 1780, DuVillard calculated that out of one hundred individuals, fifty only reached the age of 20 years. From 1823 to 1831, according to Blennyme's observations, the proportion was sixty per cent. According to Demonferrand, seven individuals out of one hundred reached the age of 80, two only the age of 85, and one that of 89; while out of a million, only six hundred and forty died within 90 and 99. Mathieu reduces the six hundred and forty to four hundred and ninety-one, and finds that out of that number only nine reach the age of 97, and only four that of 99. According to DuVillard and Demonferrand, only two out of ten thousand reached the age of 100; but in this respect there are some privileged places; thus at Carlisle, in Cumberland, nine out of ten thousand attained that age; while at Paris, scarcely a year passes without some person dying 100 years old or upwards. Benoiton de Chateaufort, calculating upon fifteen millions of individuals, finds that out of a hundred only forty-four reached the age of 80, twenty-three that of 80, fifteen that of 70, four and one-half that of 60, and 11-16 that of 50. The average duration of life is now about 39 years and eight months. Twenty years ago it was only 36, and in 1817 it did not exceed 31-14. Before 1780 it was only 28-3-4; and M. Villermé shows that at Paris, in the fourteenth century, it was not more than 17 years; in the seventeenth century 26, and the eighteenth, 32. In France there is only one septuagenarian for thirty-three individuals, one octogenarian in one hundred and sixty, and one nonagenarian in nineteen hundred. At Geneva the average of human life in the sixteenth century was 18 years and five months; in the seventeenth 23 years and four months; and from 1815 to 1826 it was 18 years and ten months. In England the average in 1840 was 38 years; in France, 36-1-2; at Hanover 35 and four months; in Schleswig Holstein, 34 years and seven months; in Holland, 34 years; at Naples, 34 years and seven months; in Prussia, 30 years and ten months; in Wurtemberg, 30 years; in Saxony, 29 years. These facts show the average duration of life in Europe as constantly increasing.

**A WITTY BUTCHER.**—A few years ago a butcher of Caen bought a calf of a cattle-jobber in the environs. Half a gallon of cider was to elench the bargain, and the butcher jocosely observed in conversation, among other things, that he meant to smuggle the calf into town in broad daylight, and to pass the *octroi*, or customs barrier, publicly, without paying. The cattle-dealer declared this to be impossible, and a wager was accordingly laid between him and the butcher, who merely made this condition, that the dealer should lend him his dog for half an hour. He put the dog into a large sack, which he threw over his shoulder, and away he trudged to the city. On reaching the *octroi* he declared he had nothing to pay, as there was only a dog in the sack, which he had just bought and shunt up, that he might not find his way to his former master. The officers of the *octroi* would not take this story on trust, but insisted on seeing the dog. The butcher was therefore obliged to open his sack, and the dog naturally availed himself of the opportunity to run away. Off scampered the butcher after him, scolding and swearing all the way. In a quarter of an hour he was again at the *octroi*, with the sack on his shoulder as before. "You have given me a pretty chase," said he, peevishly, walking through. Next day he invited the officers to partake of a fine cutlet, with which, having won the wager, he treated them and the cattle-dealer.



It will be seen by the perusal of the following letter that our vigilant and outspoken correspondent has succeeded thus far in escaping the slung-shot of the assassin. We are determined that nothing shall be wanting on our part to expose the enormities that are daily perpetrated in the great Metropolis of the Old World. Living in a city in which the law is all-powerful and the Executive is armed with its terrors, we sympathize with those journalists whose duty to the public is only performed at the risk of their lives. When we think of the dangers by which our fearless correspondent is surrounded we tremble for his safety, and should he ever get back alive we would suggest that a mass meeting of our citizens, without regard to creed, shall be held in the Park, to hear from his own lips the story of Papal misrule and oppression. We would also suggest that he be tendered the use of the Governor's Room, in the City Hall, to receive his friends and fellow countrymen:

#### ANOTHER EXPOSE OF THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT.

Our Outspoken Correspondent still Alive.—He reveals yet greater Atrocities of the Papal Government.—A Roman Editor attacked in his Editorial Sanctum in broad day and brutally beaten.—How to delight the Romans.—A Renegade New Yorker vilifying his Countrymen.—The terrible Revelations of Peter Funk.—The Murder of a Schoolmaster for refusing to read the Bible.—High Dignitaries of the Protestant Church charged with the Crime.—Renegades in great repute in Rome.—The Only Cure for Bronchitis.—How a Minister was Tarred and Feathered in Mainona, one of the States of the Church not set down in any Geography.—A Young Ladies' Academy near Boston broken into by a Mob and burned down.—No Compensation allowed by the Papal Government.—A Book that is great to sell in Rome.—Interior of Gli Tombi, a Prison on the Via Mezza, Rome.—Tortures and Murders in the State Prison of Canto Canto.—The Way the great and little Criminals are treated, &c., &c., &c. [From our Special Correspondent.—By Telegraph.]

Rome, Sept. 28, 1859.

To the Editor of The Metropolitan Record:

Sir: You will be glad to learn that I am still in safety. My friend, Signor Thompson, of the Noticio has been less fortunate. He was attacked a few days ago in his office in broad day, by a number of brigands, and severely wounded. Several other citizens have been attacked, and in one case it was found that the leader of the brigands was a member of the Roman Council.

The people of Rome, like all Papists, are bigoted to the last degree. You are aware, for it is often published in the American papers, that it is an article of the Romish creed that "no faith is to be kept with heretics," so when Protestants come here, every one makes it a matter of conscience to cheat and abuse them. If you wish to delight the Romans, you have only to abuse the English or Americans.

A few years ago several Romish priests were engaged in the publication of a book which made a great sensation. It purported to have been written by a "Renegade New Yorker," and was entitled "THE TERRIBLE REVELATIONS OF PETER FUNK." The papists swallowed it eagerly, with all its horrors, and the publishers sold a hundred thousand copies. To show you the ignorance and credulity of these papists, I must give you one of Mr. Funk's revelations. He states in his book, and made his affidavit that it was true, that he was present, when Bishop Onderdonk, the venerable Protestant Bishop of New York, with Rev. Dr. Brownlee and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, assisted in murdering a refractory school master in the Fourteenth Ward of New York, for refusing to read the Bible in one of the public schools. Mr. Funk says they squeezed her to death in a cider press; each of the clergymen present taking hold of the screw, and giving her a squeeze. So great was the success of Peter Funk's Revelations that they were followed by another work entitled "SIX MONTHS IN A CAMP MEETING," and many more of the same sort.

When a vagabond Yankee, escaped from States Prison, or the near prospect of one, gets to Italy, all he has to do is to get a smattering of the language and lay in a stock of similar revelations to those of Peter Funk, of which he can find a collection in every library or book-store. His fortune is made. The clergy open their pulpits to him; the ignorant and superstitious Papists flock to hear him, and he gets well paid for his slanders. It does not matter that there are here in Italy hundreds of respectable, intelligent, well behaved Americans, and a great number of

American clergymen, suffering from bronchitis, for which a visit to Italy is the only cure; the Romans say, "You behave well here, it is true, because you dare not do otherwise, but we know very well that in America you commit all these atrocities," and then they quote the Revelations of Peter Funk, which, being sworn to and endorsed by some of their leading clergy, are considered next in authority to the Council of Trent. So I find it very hard to un deceive them.

These printed and verbal slanders against foreigners have their natural effect upon an ignorant and fanatical people, as all Papists must be.

A few years ago, they caught a respectable Methodist minister in Mainona and tarred and feathered him, rode him on a rail, and ended by stealing his watch and pocket-book. Some English ladies a few years ago established a genteel young ladies' finishing academy near Boston, but as they were Protestants, a mob, incited by the priests, and with the open connivance of the authorities, went one night and plundered and burnt it, and to this day the miserable and despotic Papal Government has never made the slightest compensation. In fact, whenever a considerable number of foreigners are gathered at any point in the Papal States, they are liable, in case of any excitement, to be robbed and massacred.

This hatred of foreigners is kept up by the writings of Italian tourists. Every organ-grinder or vender of plaster of Paris images who makes the tour of America, when he gets back to Italy, writes a book of his travels, and the more lies he tells about us the better he can sell his book. Let him say that Washington was an old granny; Jefferson a thief; Jackson a cannibal; Horace Greeley a polygamist, or Edward Everett a thimble-rigger, and his book will be read with ecstasy.

You have doubtless read, in the papers, of the Roman prisons. I doubt if they have had justice done them. There is a terrible one, built on a low morass on *Via Mezza*, in the heart of Rome, and surrounded by its lowest, filthiest and most wretched inhabitants. Some of the cells are so damp, filthy and close, and often so crowded with poor drunken wretches, that many, thrown in at night, have been found dead, killed by the close fetid air and noxious gases, before morning. This prison is appropriately called *Gli Tombi*. In it may be found sometimes a dozen murderers. When convicted, they are hanged in the prison yard; but that is but seldom. Murder is a popular amusement here, that is seldom interfered with. A Judge in the Legation of *Trapani* estimates that there were in that Legation in four years past, six hundred persons accused of murder, not six of whom were ever convicted. Well, may our "Expresses" and "Observers" feel outraged with such a Government!

Near Rome is a great prison, called *Canto-Canto*. Here the prisoners are so horribly tortured that many have died in consequence. A few years ago they were flogged, but of late more refined modes of torture have been adopted. It is proper to say, however, that these prisons are for the lower and poorer classes of criminals. The rich and respectable ones are seldom sent at all, or are soon pardoned. In Rome, if you steal a few *scudi*, you will go to *Gli Tombi*, and thence to *Canto-Canto*. But steal a few thousands, or a million, and you become a hero of romance, and may escape to America, call yourself a Count, and marry an heiress.

Money, even in prisons, is all potent. The vagabond who steals a ham is flung into a damp cell, and if he does not suffocate before morning, is unceremoniously carted off to the Penitentiary, and set to work on a stone quarry; but the elegant young patrician who robs a bank, or shoots his mistress, is accommodated with the largest room in the prison, has his meals sent from a *café*, is allowed to ride about the city and amuse himself, and is treated with the most polite attentions. He can put off his trial as long as he pleases; bribe an officer to allow him to escape; or, at the very worst, he can easily procure a pardon. I have known a scoundrel, guilty of felony, to live for months in a jail, enjoying every luxury his ill gotten money could purchase, while an innocent witness of his crime was kept in a filthy cell, fed on the most wretched prison fare, and eaten up with vermin. Such is justice in this benighted country!

But what can you expect of a country, where, according to Monsieur Edmond About, the

Cardinal Secretary of State was born and bred a bandit, and where, if you can believe English and American observers, every man is, as every papist must be, either a despot or a slave—a knave or a fool. I am aware that it is not possible to do justice to such a social condition; but I promise you my best endeavors.

T. L. N.

A CHEERFUL FUNERAL.—A heartless, miserly old man died at an advanced age, possessed of considerable property, no portion of which could he be prevailed on, during life, to part with to the pressing necessities of those around him. His stewardship closed. At once niggardly and ostentatious—the two qualities are far more frequently united than people are willing to imagine—he left in his will an instruction to his executors, that "one thousand pounds should be expended upon his funeral." To a benevolent lady in the neighborhood, whose earliest and latest thought had reference to the welfare of the necessitous, this happy suggestion occurred, "Why not benefit the poor by this strange injunction? Why not invite all the needy, infirm, and aged of the neighborhood, to this rich man's funeral; and give them clothing suited to the ceremony?" The idea was adopted and carried out. It was a delightful funeral. The most cheerful scene that had been witnessed there for years. No tears! No groans! No sighs! Not a mourner visible! Everybody smiling and in tip-top spirits. The old women came trotting up to the house, each in a warm, comfortable cloak, new gown and bonnet; the old men in a full suit of decent black. None thought it necessary to look lugubrious and lachrymose; or other than they really were—heartglad. Right joyous was the spectacle; and pleasant to many was the thought, that the old miser, who had taken special care to aid no poor creatures when alive, should have made so many aged hearts light and happy when he was removed. Yes! yes! that was a funeral worth attending.

CAUTION TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—Now, it is necessary to mention the vulgar error often pursued, evidently without thought, by parents or those having the care of children, when any article has been swallowed, and this is the plan of flying at once to the use of castor oil, or other aperients, with the intention of thereby quickly expelling the said article from the system. Now, nothing is so injurious. It is, in fact, as I have had occasion to mention elsewhere, one of those popular acts and prejudices so prevalent, that lead persons to do the very opposite of what they ought to have done. When the accident occurs, give the child a piece of bread and butter, and be cautious moreover, so long as the article continues in the body, to give the patient very little to drink. The reason is simply this—that the article thus gets imbedded in the substance so produced, and is disposed of in due course, and without injury to the patient. Now, if the bowels were purged, nothing would be left to bed the article, which might then stick in one of the numerous convolutions of the intestines, and inflict the very injuries which it was the parents' wish to prevent, but which may thus be caused by their sheer want of judgment.

THE SENSITIVENESS OF YOUTH.—It is said of Mozart the great musical composer, that in his youthful days he was possessed of some acute sense of hearing that the somewhat noisy trumpet was more than his fine feelings could withstand. At five years of age he was master of small musical compositions for the piano forte, and at ten attended as a musical artist, in company with his father and sister, some of the first musical soirees in Germany. But the notes of the trumpet he could not endure. His father, supposing this to be more a matter of fear than reality, one day invited a trumpeter to his house, and when the youthful composer was in his study alone, requested his friend to play his instru-

ment, though not before informing his son of the object he had in view—that of conquering his supposed malady. Mozart begged his father not to try the experiment, but the father was resolute, and the trial commenced. Before a few minutes were over the youth fell with his face on the floor, in an apparent agony of convulsion. The trumpeter was ordered to cease, and quit the chamber. As Mozart grew in years, and his constitution became more robust, he overcame his weakness, until at length he became a player on the fearful instrument himself.

POLITE CONVERSATION.—There are three foul corruptors of a language: caprice, affectation, and ignorance! Such fashionable cant terms as "theatricals," and "musicals," invented by the flippant Topham, still survive among his confraternity of frivolity. A lady, eminent for the elegance of her taste, and of whom one of the best judges, the celebrated Miss Edgeworth observed to me, that she spoke the purest and most idiomatic English she had ever heard, threw out an observation which might be extended to a great deal of our present fashionable vocabulary. She is now old enough, she said, to have lived to hear the vulgarisms of her youth adopted in drawing-room circles. To lunch, now so familiar from the fairest lips, in her youth was only known in the servants' hall. An expression very rare of late among our young ladies, a nice man, whatever it may mean, whether that the man resemble a pudding or something more nice, conveys the offensive notion that they are ready to eat him up! When I was a boy, it was an age of *bon ton*; this good tone mysteriously conveyed a sublime idea of fashion; the term, imported late in the Eighteenth Century, closed with it. I waded for a while succeeded bore; but bore has recovered the supremacy. We want another Swift to give a new edition of his "Polite Conversation."

THE SITE OF HOLYROOD DESCRIBED BY THE GEOLOGIST.—For many ages what now exists as the picturesque tract of hill and valley attached to old Holyrood had existed as a tract of shallow sea, darkened when the tide fell, by algae-covered rocks and bars, and much beaten by waves. From time immemorial has the portion of the earth's crust which underlies that shallow sea been a scene of deep-seated, igneous action. . . . Now, and day after day, has there been a succession of earthquake shocks that, as the plutonic paroxysm increases in intensity, become stronger and more frequent, and the mountain waves roll outward in ever widening circles, to rise and fall in distant and solitary seas, or to break in long lines of foam on nameless islands, unknown to the geographer. And over the roar of waves and rush of tides we may hear the growlings of a subterranean thunder, that now dies away in low deep muttering, and now, are some fresh earthquake shock tempests the sea, bellows widely from the abyss. The billows fall back in boiling eddies; the solid strata are upheaved into a flat dome; crusted with corals and shells; it cracks, it severs—a dark gulf yawns suddenly in the midst; a dense, strongly variegated cloud of mingled smoke and steam arises, black as midnight in its central volumes, but chequered where the boiling waves hiss at its edge with wreaths of white; and anon, with the noise of many waters, a broad sheet of flame rushes up a thousand fathoms into the sky. Vast masses of molten rock, that glow red even amid the light of day, are hurled into the air, and then with a hollow sound fall back into the chasm, or descending hissing amid the vexed waters, fling high the hot spray and send the cross ciclet of waves which they raise athwart the heavings of the longer billows propelled from the disturbed centre within. The crater rises as the thick showers of ashes descend; and amid the rending of rock, the roaring of flames, the dashing of waves, the hissings of submerged lava, and the hollow grumbings of the abyss, the darkness of a starless night descends upon the deep. Anon, and we are startled by the shock of yet another and more terrible earthquake; yet another column of flame rushes into the sky, casting a lurid illumination on the thick rolling rock and the pitchy heavings of the wave; seen but for a moment, we may mark the silvery glitter of scales, for there is a shoal of dead fish floating past, and as the curruptions of an electric lightning dart in a thousand fiery tongues from the cloud, some startled monster of the deep bellows in terror from the dank sea beyond.



## The Burial.

WRITTEN FOR THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.

Slowly, solemn, he—  
The lingering—  
As sadly the notes of the churchyard bell,  
The—  
The echo o' upland and dell,  
The cheerless voice of death.

Deeply, narrowly, open the earth;  
Let man embrace what has given him birth;  
The grave is the end of his station and worth—  
Honor is but a breath.

Slowly, heavily, footsteps fall,  
Along the aisles of the sacred hall,  
And mourners approach with the sombre pall—  
The cradle of the dead.

Weeping, sorrowing friends bend o'er  
The form of him who shall breathe no more;  
And hands that he never had felt before,  
Pillow his drooping head.

Call them; summon them; bring them near—  
The brother to gaze at a brother dear—  
The sister, with many a passionate tear,  
Wetting the frigid bier.

Make way! Let the mother, almost wild,  
Take one more look at her far-rite child,  
Ere the slimy touch of the worm has defiled  
The lips she presses now.

Calmly, sternly veiling his grief,  
Scorning pity, and spurning relief,  
The father bends down, for a moment brief,  
O'er the gloomy bier.

A moment he thinks of the spirit fled—  
Then calmly raises his silvered head,  
But leaves on the still pallid face of the dead  
A silent, unseen tear.

On amid those who vainly mourn,  
Again the burden of death is borne;  
Again the long aisles, with their floors so  
Echo the heavy tread.

Sadly, almost, without a sound,  
The corpse is placed in the cold damp ground,  
And strangers and pitying friends draw  
around  
The prison of the dead.

Down, down, down, the body is thrust,  
While the aged priest murmurs out, "Dust  
to dust;"  
And Earth, gaping wide, shuts the sentence  
just,  
And presses her victim close.

Sadly they turn away to go,  
With one long lingering look of woe;  
And nought but the little square mound is to  
show,  
Where a brother and son repose.

F. McLK.

## SNAKES AND SNAKE CHARMERS.

To newcomers in Hindostan, and particularly to those of a nervous temperament, the snakes constitute a source of perpetual alarm. Their numbers are immense, and no place is sacred from their visitations. Just fancy the agreeable surprise resulting from such little occurrences as the following, which are far from being rare. You get up in the morning, after a feverish night perhaps; languidly you reach for your boots, and upon pulling on one, feel something soft before your toes, and on turning it upside down, and giving it a shake, out pops a small snake of the carpet tribe (as they are called, probably from their domestic propensities), wondering what can be the cause of his being thus rudely ejected from his night's quarters. Or suppose, at any time during the day, you should be musically inclined; you take your flute from its resting-place, and proceed to screw it together, but find, on making an attempt to play, that something is the matter, and on peeping into it, discover that a little serpentine gentleman has there sought and found a snug lodgment. Perhaps your endeavor to give it breath with your mouth makes Mr. Snake feel his habitation in the instrument uncomfortably cool, and ere you are aware of his presence, he is out, and wriggling among your fingers.

Such incidents as these cause rather unpleasant starts to those who are new to Hindostanic matters, though the natives of the land, or persons who had been long resident in it, might only smile at the newcomer's uneasiness, and tell him that these little intruders were perfectly harmless. But even with the assurance of this fact it is long ere most Europeans can tolerate the sight and presence of these snakes,

much less feel comfortable under their cold touch. Besides, it is but too well known that all these creatures are not innocuous. Well do I remember the fright that one poor fellow got in the barracks at Madras. He had possibly been indulging to freely over night; at least, when he rose in the morning in question, he felt thirsty in the extreme. Yawning most volitionally, he made up to one of the room windows, where stood a large water bottle or jar, one of those long-necked clay things in which they usually keep fluids in the east. Upon taking this inviting vessel into his hands, he observed that there seemed to be but little water in it, yet enough, as he thought to cool his parched throat; and he had just applied it to his lips, when something touched them—certainly not water, whatever else it might be. He hastily withdrew the vessel from his mouth, though still retaining it in his hands, when to his amazement and horror, a regular cobra, the most deadly and dangerous of all the common serpents of India, reared its hideously distended and speckled head from the jar, not a foot from its disturbers nose. "Oh, murder!" cried the poor fellow, who was a son of Erin; and as he uttered the exclamation, he dashed bottle, snake, and all to the ground, and took to his heels, nor stopped until he was a full hundred yards from the spot. Here he told his story in safety, and the intruder was in good time got rid of by the cautious use of fire-arms.

Very different from the conduct of this fellow was that of one of his comrades in the same barracks, who was exposed to an almost unprecedented trial from a similar cause. In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary buildings or cells, where the more disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms, by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jock Hall, a Scotsman belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jock had got intoxicated, and being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Honorable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house furnishing, however, Jock troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seemed to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down bed to Jock, and therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon, and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," when lo! he thought he heard a rustling in the cell, close by him. At this moment he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air hole, which entered the cell on a level with his floor, and also with the rook, externally on which the building was planted. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind, but he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help? Jock did neither; he lay stone still and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bedclothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavored to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him, but this their scantiness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement, Jock held himself as still as if he had been a

log. Meanwhile, his horrible bed-fellow, which he at once felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and lastly over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death-warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl backwards over Jock's body and face, as if satisfying itself seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight, he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized and looked about for the intruder. Not seeing the snake he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of it just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

When the hour for breakfast came, Jock, who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out. When the officer whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day was going his rounds, he perceived a crowd around the cell-door examining the reptile, which was described by the natives as of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter.

"When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?" said he.

"About nine o'clock last night," was Jock's reply.

"Why didn't you call to the guard?" asked the officer.

"I thought the guard wadna hear me, and I was afraid I might tramp on't, so I just lay still."

"But you might have been bit; did you know you would have died instantly?"

"I kent that very well," said Jock; "but they say that snakes winna meddle with you if you dinna meddle with them, sae I just let it crawl as it liket."

"Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best after all, but it was what not one man in a thousand could have done."

When the story was told and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he thought the same, and Jock, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least, he took care how he got into such a situation as to expose himself to the chance of passing another night with such a bed-fellow.

It has frequently been asserted that the most tremendous of the snake tribe, the boa-constrictor, does not now exist in Hindostan, and has not done so for a considerable time. This statement is to be taken with some reservation. When the Anglo-Indian army were called to the field a few years ago, to subdue an obstinate native potentate, two of the soldiers left a temporary encampment of the troops, in order to indulge in a bath. They had a portion of jungle to cross, and in doing so the foot of one of them slipped into a sort of hole. This proved to be an old elephant trap; that it to say, a pit of considerable size dug in the earth, and covered over with branches, sticks, and such like matters, so as to deceive the wild elephant into placing his mighty weight upon it, when he sinks, and is unable to get out again. The soldier got his foot withdrawn from the trap,

though at the cost of his shoe, which the closeness of the branches caused to come off. Little did the poor fellow know at the moment what a fate he had narrowly escaped! But he soon became sensible of it. On looking down to see whether his shoe was gone, and if it was recoverable, he beheld a sight which, but for the hold he had of his companion's arm, would have made him yet totter into the pit from sheer horror. Through the opening made by his foot he saw an enormous boa-constrictor, with his body coiled up and his head curved, watching the opening above and evidently prepared to dart on the falling prey. Hurrying from the spot, the two soldiers informed some of their officers, who immediately came to the trap with fire-arms. The creature was still there, and, indeed, had most probably remained in the place for a length of time, preying on the unfortunate animals, great and small, which tumbled into his den. Ball and swan-shot soon brought the reptile's life to a close, and it was got out of the hole. It proved to be fifteen feet long, and about the general thickness of a man's thigh. The skin and scales were most beautiful. It was intended to make two cases of the skin, for holding the regimental colors, and it would have been large enough for the purpose. But it was entrusted to unskilful hands, and got withered and wasted in the preparation.

The Hindoos, or at least the serpent-charmers among them, pretend, as is well known, to handle all sorts of snakes with impunity, to make them come and go at a call, and, in short, to have a cabalistic authority over the whole race. These pretensions are necessary to the exercise of their profession, which consists, in part, in ridding private houses of troublesome visitants of this description. One of these serpent-charmers will assert to a householder that there are snakes about his premises, and, partly from motives of fear and partly from curiosity, the householder promises the man a reward if he succeeds in showing and removing them. The juggler goes to work, and soon snakes are seen to issue from some corner or another, obedient to his call. The performer takes them up fearlessly, and they meet like old friends. In fact, the opinion of the more enlightened residents of India is, that the snakes and their charmer are old friends; that he hid them there, and, of course, knew where to find them; and, moreover, that having long ago extracted the poisonous fangs, he may well handle them without alarm. Still, a large portion of the community, Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake tribe. In Madras, however, while I was there, this belief received a sad shake by a circumstance which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra, of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied from home all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth. This, at least, is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening he returned to his dwelling, considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin and bit it, making two marks like pin points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. "I am a dead man," he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. "Let the creature alone," said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra; "it may be of service to others of my trade. To me it can be of no more use. Nothing can save me." His professional knowledge was but too accurate. In two hours he was a corpse.

I saw him a short time after he died.



His friends and brother jugglers had gathered around him, and had him placed on a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment likely to result to their trade and interests from such a notion, they vehemently asserted that it was not the venomous bite which had killed him. "No, no; he only forgot one little word—one small portion of the charm." In fact, they declared that he was not dead at all, but only in a sort of swoon, from which, according to the rules of cabalistic art, he would recover in seven days. But the officers in the barracks, close to where the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They put a guard of one or two men on the house, declaring that they would allow the body to remain unburied for seven days, but would not permit any trickery. Of course, the poor serpent-charmer never came to life again. His death, and the manner of it, gave a severe blow, as has been already hinted, to the art and practice of snake-charming in Malabar.

**A DIET.**—While at Presburg, I attended two sittings of the assembled Diet, and had to ask myself whether it was really a meeting of deputies entrusted with important duties, or merely a comedy. At all events, it was a chaotic scene, in which every one spoke at the top of his voice and used his elbows lustily, but in which a very small minority knew either what they were doing or what they were about to do. It was performed in a large hall, in the middle of which was a table covered with green baize; on this were strewn the hats, sticks and papers of the honorable members. At one end was a sort of stage as in a theatre; here sat the President and Secretaries, surrounded by folios containing the laws of the country, and behind them, or by their side, sat a number of deputies, generally speaking, those who do not belong to the opposition. The others sat at long tables in the body of the room, where they are surrounded by a crowd of reporters, who assist them on occasion in shouting; these are young men who are studying the law, or preparing themselves for the service of the state; they all wear the Hungarian national dress, and each has a sabre hanging by his side. They are of noble families, and their throats, when they exert them, have considerable weight in discussion. At the entrance of the hall the space is occupied by as many spectators as can crowd in; there is also a gallery for the public. Sometimes there is such a mob of spectators at the entrance that the deputies cannot get in, and have to remain standing outside the door. They can make no effectual complaint, for it is first comest served, and those who are the earliest in getting into the chamber, whether they be deputies or not, keep their places the whole day if they please. Thus it is impossible to say of a Hungarian member of Parliament that he was in his place, inasmuch as place has no name, and he never sits down at all. When the hall is filled there is a murmur like that of a beehive. Then the President shouts *halk!* (hear), which is echoed by all present; but the noise continues equally loud until some member of the opposition commences a bitter attack on some particular law, or else makes a general charge against the government; this is the signal for a profound silence, which is now and then interrupted by a menacing *halk!* or by a thundering *eljen!* (vivat). When an unpopular deputy rises to express one expects from the force expression with which he is universally regarded, and from the huge mustaches and altogether military appearance of the crowds opposed to him, that he will either have to make a sudden exit at one of the windows, or that, if his arguments should be particularly cutting, sabbres will be drawn to meet them. But nothing of the kind occurs; the assembly separates peacefully after the necessary quantity of parliamentary demonstration has been performed by both parties; and those whose patriotic excitement has been roused to an extraordinary pitch by the discussion, adjourn to a tavern in order to vent it.

**GREAT NATURAL BREAKWATER.**—It is well known that reefs of rock, generally coral, extend along many coasts at a short distance from shore, and when concealed from the mariner, or unknown to him, are a frequent cause of shipwreck. Occasionally they rise

so far above water as to be easily discerned, stretching for many miles with the regularity of an artificial bulwark raised for the protection of the land. Many of the islands which in such vast numbers stud the Pacific Ocean, are almost wholly encoiled by a coral belt of this description. But the coast of Brazil presents, probably, the most remarkable reef to be found on the globe. Mrs. Graham, an intelligent writer on Brazil, pronounces it "certainly one of the wonders of the world." It is about sixteen feet in breadth on the top; on the outside it slopes off, more rapidly than the celebrated Plymouth breakwater, to a great depth, and within it is perpendicular for many fathoms. Mr. Koster informs us that it extends all along the coast from Pernambuco to Maranhão, a distance of nearly one thousand miles. In some parts it runs very near the coast, in others it recedes to a distance from it. Occasionally it declines in height to a level with the water, and even sinks below it; but for the most part it is a bold and high wall of rock, presenting at intervals numerous openings like sea-gates, where vessels may enter at all seasons, and ride as secure from tempests as if they were anchored in a small lake. The harbor of Pernambuco is formed by this magnificent bulwark. Mrs. Graham thus describes the entrance: "We approached the sandy beach between Recife (or Pernambuco) and Olinda, so nearly that I thought we were going to land there; when, coming abreast of a tower on a rock where the sea was breaking violently, we turned short round, and found ourselves within a natural breakwater, heard the surf dashing without, and saw the spray, but we ourselves were sailing along smoothly and calmly as if in a mill-pond. The reef, of which the rock is formed, is said to be coral; but it is so coated with barnacle and limpet, that I could see nothing but the remainder of these shells for many feet down, and as deep into the rock as our hammers would break." The breadth of the water here between the reef and the main land, varies from a few fathoms to three-quarters of a mile. Close to the rock the water is of considerable depth, and there the vessels often moor.

**ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF THE STEAM ENGINE.**—The discovery of the method of making a vacuum by the condensation of steam, was reproduced, before 1698, by Captain Thos. Savery. His discovery of the condensing principle arose from the following circumstances: Having drunk a flask of wine at a tavern, and flung the empty flask in the fire, he called for a basin of water to wash his hands. A small quantity which remained in the flask began to boil, and steam issued from its mouth. It occurred to him to try what effect would be produced by inverting the flask and plunging its mouth into cold water. Putting on a thick glove to defend his hand from the heat, he seized the flask, and the moment he plunged its mouth in the water the liquid immediately rushed up into the flask and filled it. Savery stated that this circumstance immediately suggested to him the possibility of giving effect to the atmospheric pressure, by creating a vacuum in this manner. He thought that if, instead of exhausting the barrel of a pump by the usual laborious method of a piston and sucker, it was exhausted by first filling it with steam, and then condensing the same steam, the atmospheric pressure would force the water from the well into the pump-barrel, and into any vessel connected with it, provided that vessel were not more than about thirty-four feet above the elevation of the water in the well. He perceived also, that having lifted the water to this height, he might use the elastic force of steam in the manner described by the Marquis of Worcester to raise the same water to a still greater elevation, and that the same steam which accomplished this mechanical effect would serve, by its subsequent condensation, to reproduce the vacuum, and draw up more water. It was on this principle that Savery constructed the first engine in which steam was ever brought into practical operation.

**THE GREEK SPONGE FISHERS.**—An important resource for the fishermen of Greece consists in the sponge and pearl fisheries. To pursue this employment with success, it is indispensable that the sea should be calm, and not more than thirty feet deep. Those who fish for oyster pearls and the large shell-fish called the buccinum tritonium, descend to a very considerable depth. These men are exposed

to real dangers. The chamagigas, an enormous bivalve, which exists in the seas of Greece as well as of India, has strength enough to bite a cable in two. Its shell weighs no less than 500 lbs., and the fish itself about 100 lbs. It is a scene of no small excitement to see two men go forth stripped in a diminutive boat, armed only with a knife stuck in their leather girdle. To watch them as they fix their glance on the deep; then of a sudden to see one of them extending his arms and closing his hands, make a plunge. He soon reappears above the waves with a sponge in his hand, which he deposits in the boat, and immediately prepares for the acquisition of others. Thus he works on during the day, and returns to his home overcome by fatigue and bleeding from nose and ears. Should cramp attack him while under water, it is all over with him; and equally miserable would be his fate should he encounter a bivalve at the bottom of the sea. Even should he escape these dangers, which are ever present to him, he may perchance get entangled in the floating net of the *chama griphoide*, from which he would try in vain to extricate himself; and having by good fortune avoided all these hazards, he may yet stand a chance of ending his days in the jaws of a shark.

**A CRYSTAL PEDLAR.**—Soon after our arrival, one of these pedlars was showing his wares to a group of officers at the ward-room table, when I, looking on, remarked of a neat and tastefully set ring, "That is the prettiest thing he has shown." The man, with a graceful salam, handed it to me and said, "I'm sure you'll buy that." I had no intention of buying anything, and wishing to be rid of his continued persuasive importunity, I asked the price. "Twelve pounds," "I'll give you one." In a dramatic manner, he laid his hand on his breast and said, "I thank you; I know, though, you are but jesting; it is not in my heart to ask more than the real value." And with a mortified air he put up his ring, and went on with his sales to those who were satisfied with his prices. I felt somewhat sorry for having hurt the poor man's feelings. Having concluded his sales, he turned to me, saying, "I am very much in want of money, and must take the one pound for the ring." I knew now that even at my own offer I was paying too much. Having made it, I would have given it, but not having so much money by me, I told the man he must wait until the purser came on board, or return to the ship in an hour or two. This did not suit him, and he urged me to say what I would give on the spot. "All that I have in my purse," as I laid it on the table. He eyed it keenly for a moment, pushed the ring towards me, and emptied the purse. It contained one dollar and seventy-five cents, with which he went off satisfied, having made a dollar and a half by the sale of his sixty dollar ring. What precious stones passengers must buy at Galle! There are, however, beautiful gems to be had there by the exercise of care and skill.

Falkner, by W. M. Wood.

**PROTESTANTS IN AUSTRIA.**—The Ost Deutsche Post of Vienna, in order to "rectify the error" that the number of Protestants in the different parts of the empire is inconsiderable, publishes the following statement:

In the kingdom of Hungary there are 2,196,816 Protestants, two-thirds of whom belong to the Reformed Church, and the other third the Lutheran. The Protestants, therefore, form one-fourth of all the inhabitants of the kingdom. The organization of Protestant worship is guaranteed by both old and recent laws; it possesses a certain degree of self-government, and appoints its head; and all that is wanting to it is to be placed on the same footing as the Roman Catholic Church. In Transylvania, out of a population of 2,000,000 there are 548,634 Protestants of different denominations, each having its own chiefs. In the Servian Voivodine there are 78,345 Protestants out of 1,574,000 inhabitants. In Croatia and in Slavonia there are only 4,881 Protestants. Among the countries forming part of the Germanic Confederation, the small provinces of Silesia was relatively the largest Protestant population, the number being 60,788; next follow Bohemia, with 90,000; Moravia, 52,140; Upper Austria, 18,511; Carinthia, 17,900; Lower Austria, 20,000; Styria, 5,800; and the coast 1,500. In the Tyrol there are only 122 Protestants, and in Salzbourg 176. In the other provinces of Galicia there is a Protestant population of 24,580; in the Bukovine, 7,280; in Venetia, 403; and in

Dalmatia, 15. Protestantism is, therefore, represented in the Austrian empire by three millions of inhabitants."

## FACETIÆ.

**A COURT OF LAW.**—Surgeon—I found plaintiff had a severe contusion under the left eye, great extravasation of blood underneath it, with some abrasion of the skin.

Judge—You mean that he had a black eye? Surgeon—Yes.

Judge—Well, why didn't you say so?

To TRAVELLERS.—The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.

**MOUTH.**—An instrument to some people of rendering ideas audible, and of rendering food invisible.

**SLANG.**—The witless man's wit.

A railroad engineer at Harrisburg, having been discharged, applied to be re-instated. "You were dismissed," said the Superintendent austere, "for letting your train come twice into collision."

"The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I ask to be restored."

"How so?"

"Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied; I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again."

He regained his situation.

An accident took place lately on one of the railroads by the axle of the tender giving way, and obstructing the road for some hours. A lady inquired of a fellow passenger the cause of the delay. He gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often attended by dangerous consequences—the sudden breaking off of a tender attachment." The lady looked serious and was silent.

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy a hat. They were delighted with one, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed: "What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it sits him, you stupid!"

A gentleman who had been the subject of severe attack in a newspaper, was asked, "Who do you suppose is the author of these articles, and what can be the reason of his malice?" "Malice," said he, "not the least in the world! It is some young fellow learning to write."

"What on airth all these 'ere shirt-buttons I wonder?" said an old lady. "Just the minit I puts the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies all to bits." "Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons, they's my peppermints, and now you've been a spilling them."

"I do not think, madam, that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better half, "how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

A tourist being informed by the landlord of a certain inn that he must not sleep with his boots on, very considerably replied, "Oh, the bugs won't hurt 'em; they are an old pair."

At a French table d'hôte Brown remarked to Robinson, "This must be a very healthy place for chickens." "Why so?" asked the other. "Because I never see any dead ones about."

"Have you ever seen a mermaid, captain?" asked a lady on board a fish boat. "I've seen a good many fish-women, madam, if that's what you mean," was the reply."

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They won't weigh much if he does," said his antagonist, coolly.

Mrs. Partington wants to know if it was not intended for women to drive their husbands, why are they put through the *bride ceremony*?

"I don't think, husband, that you are very smart." "No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows that I am awfully shrewd."

The man who read a newspaper to the entire satisfaction of another who was waiting for it, talks of going on the stage.

"I presume you won't charge anything for just re-membering me," said one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

Sheridan, having been asked what wine he liked best, replied, "the wine of other people."

Why are the pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a witty contemporary? Because they are illustrations of Punch.

What mechanical apparatus do the fair bathers at Long Branch resemble? Diving bell(e)s.

"Joe, did you ever fable in the stocks?"

"—Well, yes, I put my foot in them once."

Why is a grocer out of business like an

cel?—Because he hasn't got any scales.



## LATEST FROM EUROPE.

## HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM CHINA.

The French and English Squadrons fired into by a Chinese Fort.

ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED ENGLISH AND FRENCH KILLED AND WOUNDED.

## Trial Trip of the Great Eastern.

## EXPLOSION ON BOARD AND LOSS OF LIFE.

By the arrival of the steamship *Vanderbilt* we have received intelligence from Europe up to the 15th of September. The news is more important than any we have received since the termination of the late war in Italy.

The trial trip of the Great Eastern had taken place, but a most serious catastrophe had occurred on board of her, by which six lives were lost, and several persons injured. The particulars will be found below.

The most important feature of the news is the intelligence from China to the effect that the combined French and British Squadrons had been fired on by the Chinese batteries at the entrance of the Peiho River, on the 17th of June. Of course this puts an end to all hopes of the treaty being carried, and renders another war inevitable. We give the details in another place.

## IRELAND.

THE IRISH BISHOPS' DEMAND IN A NEW GARB.—We take the following from our contemporary *The Nation*:—As the whole tribe of Scribes, from *The Times* to *The Scotsman*, appear too bigoted, or too dull to comprehend anything that is said or done in Ireland, we will bring the case home to their own soil.

Let us, therefore, suppose, for illustration sake, that the Catholic element in Great Britain had absorbed some portion of the Dissenters, so as to form in the aggregate about one-sixth of the entire population. A national system of education is schemed for the British people by a Government or a Parliament in Ireland, and by a Statesman who, besides being an Irishman, is a Catholic.

Upon the commission, to carry out this scheme, he appoints seven members, five of whom are Catholics, and only two Protestants. Let us suppose that one of the former is Cardinal Wiseman, and that the salaried Commissioner is an Irish Priest who had kept an humble academy in the better part of St. Giles, but, one fine morning, is astonished to find himself residing in Whitehall, at the Privy Council Office, as Chief Director of a National System of Education for Great Britain. Books are wanted for the millions of British Protestants. The Irish Priest calls in the Irish and Catholic Ushers of his late academy, and, assisted by them, sets to and manufactures the vast majority of the School Manuals, from the Primers to the most advanced Class-book, for the youth of Albion!

Every lesson is leavened with "Romish and Irish" views, and Romish and Irish principles. The literature is Irish and Roman, and everything racy of British feeling. British sentiment, and Protestant ideas are carefully excluded. History is completely ostracised, lest the Alfreds and the Edwards, lest Runnymede, lest Trafalgar, lest Waterloo should find a place; but, whenever possible, Brian and Dathy, St. Patrick, the Round Towers, the Volunteers of '82, and such other Irish matters are obtruded upon the British ear. Let us continue to complete our illustration by supposing that in a little time the Lancashire Catholics, and not even those of family or position, but a few Liverpool barristers in wretched practice, manage to get seated upon the Commission, and secure a practical monopoly in its direction. They pick up an Irish Catholic, who had for some time kept a Ragged school in St. Giles, and appoint him Secretary to the Commission; they place Lancashire Catholics over the Westminster Central Training School, four-fifths of the teachers and six-sevenths of the pupils being Protestants. They appoint a majority of Catholic Inspectors, and station them in districts where there are scarcely any Catholics to attend the schools. The central administration they man with Catholics. A translation of the Scripture is wanted, and this they trust to the Irish Priest who is resident Commissioner, and, of course, he leans to the Douay Version, and glosses the text by notes and quotations from the Fathers. Oxford converts in numbers are placed in leading offices, with a view to Romanise the youth of England by their example. Finally, the rules are, from year to year perpetuated, until at length thousands of the unsuspecting Protestant children

are in the daily habit of learning the Catholic Catechism and joining in Catholic prayers in the schools under Catholic Priests, and under the Catholic gentry in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and wherever Catholics are in number. What, let us ask, would be the feeling, under such a state of things, of British Protestants, if, claiming for their children free education, they received as reply, the infuriate scurrility with which alone they are now answering the calm and dignified demand of the Irish Bishops? In the illustration we have drawn, we have purposely understated the Irish case; and the state of things there indicated *The Times* considers to be no "grievance." Of course, it would require more beautiful reasoning even than that conveyed in the Pastoral to convey to the mind of a slightest man the grievance of having to use bad and impure light. No man not as strange to the grace of faith as the blind man to the blessing of sight, would call it no grievance to deny Catholic parents in Ireland the right to educate their children without danger to their faith and morals. The Latitudinarian, of course, will call this a scruple and an exaggeration, but Catholic parents call it a sore and galling grievance; and when the gnashing of teeth is over, the Protestant bullies will be as resolute to obtain, as we are persistent to demand, Free Catholic Education.

THE STRIKE OF THE DUBLIN CARPENTERS.—We understand that the temporary misunderstanding that existed between the Dublin carpenters and the master builders has been perfectly removed—the builders having of their own accord, and in a most satisfactory manner, adopted the terms proposed by the tradesmen. We believe that at present all the hands are employed, and that the best and most amicable relations have been established, we hope permanently, between the trade and the employers. [Dublin Freeman.]

## ENGLAND.

On the 7th of September the steamship *Great Eastern* was cast loose from her moorings in the Thames, and taken down the river as far as Purfleet preparatory to setting out on her trial trip at sea. She anchored for the night there swinging round in splendid style to the hold of one of Trautman's patent chains. Next morning, the 8th ultimo, all external aid was dispensed with, and the huge leviathan was asked to fulfill her mission independently. Her response was noble; for, putting on only about two-thirds of her steam power, and with everything on board at odds and ends, she ran fifteen miles in two minutes less than an hour, and kept on until she anchored off the Nore light—thus completing a great mechanical and scientific triumph for England, setting at rest all doubts as to the success at sea of vessels of her size, and actually inaugurating an era of revolution in ocean commerce and steam navigation.

Captain Harrison, late of the *Cunard* steamship line, commanded the vessel, ably assisted by Captain Comstock, of the *Collins* fleet, one of our most experienced sailors, who directed the steering, Mr. Scott Russell, who so anxiously superintended the building of her machinery, and others. Mr. Brunel, her projector and builder, was unavoidably absent, owing to sudden illness.

The *Great Eastern* left the Nore on the 9th ultimo, in the morning; was near Dover on the same afternoon. On the afternoon of the 9th an accident occurred, which was attended with the loss of six lives.

It appears that, when off Hastings, a feed-pipe casing in the forward funnel, which had been introduced on the ground of economy in heat, and to keep the heat of the funnels from the cabins, exploded with terrific force, blowing the funnel into the air, and tearing to pieces the grand saloon and the lower deck cabins, through which the funnels passed, and otherwise doing great damage to the internal fittings. Great consternation prevailed on board, and prompt efforts were made to get at the unfortunate men in the engineering department, who were either buried in the rubbish or prostrated by the steam. Three firemen were found in a dying state, and soon expired, while eight others were more or less injured, two of whom subsequently died. One fireman was lost overboard, having either fallen into the water, or jumped into it to escape scalding. The injured men were generally progressing favorably, although two or three of them were in a very precarious condition. Before the departure of the *Vanderbilt*, six persons altogether had died of the injuries received.

The numerous guests on board had only quitted the grand saloon through which the funnel passed, and in which they had been dining, a few minutes before the explosion took place. But for this the consequences would have been most serious.

The explosion is stated to have probably

been one of the most terrific which a vessel has ever survived, and which none in the world could have withstood, save a structure of such marvellous strength as the *Great Eastern*. She not only resisted it, her frame sustaining no injury whatever, but it made so little difference to the movement of the vessel that the engines were never once stopped till she reached Portland.

It is stated that great objections had been made to the casing around the funnels, but the directors persisted in adopting the plan, notwithstanding that it was tried and abandoned in the *Collins* and other steamers.

A coroner's inquest commenced at Weymouth on the 12th. The evidence clearly showed the cause of the explosion to be—first, the supply of the boilers through the water-jacket of the funnel was stopped because of failure in the auxiliary pumping power; second, a stand-pipe, which acts as a safety valve, had in it a tap when the casing was hydraulically tested, and that tap was turned, apparently intentionally, so that the pipe was useless. The inquest adjourned till the 17th.

Prior to the accident, the performance of the vessel was most satisfactory, and she was almost without motion, while large vessels in her vicinity were pitching and rolling in a stormy sea. A survey of the vessel had been held, and estimates sent in to forthwith repair the damage at a cost of not more than £5,000, the injury being far less considerable than was at first supposed. Little if any delay would take place in the departure of the ship on her first voyage, but a rumor prevailed to the effect that the vessel would not head, but sail direct from Portland. The accident caused a slight decline in the shares of the Company, but did not influence the general confidence in the ship.

The following is from the account given by the correspondent of *The New York Herald*, who was on board:

The explosion was nothing compared to the rush of steam, and the fright, confusion and horror among the passengers. We knew that something terrible had occurred, but could scarcely tell what. Nothing demonstrates the great size as well as strength of this ship so forcibly as the fact that probably not one-half of the persons on board, at the time of the accident, knew that anything serious had happened to the ship by the sound of the explosion, until they saw the effect in the falling pipe, the shower of missiles, and the rush of steam. As well as strength of this ship, the scene of confusion and terror I will not attempt to describe. There was no shrinking from duty, however, in the officers. Captain Harrison immediately seized a rope and threw himself down into the yawning gulf caused by the explosion, the space that had been the site of several splendid saloons, the admiration of all that had visited the great ship long before her day of sailing. Five or six men followed him, while Mr. Scott Russell rushed to the engine room to see that the fires were extinguished. Had this been a wooden ship, one of two calamities must have happened, either which would have proved fatal—the whole would have blown asunder, or set on fire and burned to the water's edge.

A new reform movement had been commenced in England. Cobden and other reformers had had meetings, at which it was resolved that branch financial reform associations should be established in the principal towns—these should be organized, and prepare the way for an organized parliamentary attack on the system at present in vogue.

The action of the master builders of London, in throwing open their yards to all men who would sign the obnoxious declaration, had proved a failure, only thirty or forty having signed the declaration; and some establishments the masters had yielded to the men.

## FRANCE.

The Emperor and Empress had gone to Biarritz.

The King of the Belgians passed through Toulon on the 12th for Biarritz, where he would arrive on the 13th or 14th, and was expected to remain three or four days. The object of his journey was supposed to have reference to the difficulty subsisting between France and Austria.

An article that appeared in *The Monitor* in regard to the peace of Villafranca had produced a very unfavorable effect at Paris, and future complications, again menacing to the state of Europe, were anticipated. The article came direct from the Emperor at St. Saver.

The London Post's Paris correspondent says—the fortification of the different French towns is the order of the day. Lille, and Bourges, are under the hands of engineers, and Valenciennes soon also will be.

It was rumored that the government of France and England had agreed that a Congress on the Italian question had become necessary.

Paris, Wednesday.—The *Monitor* of this morning, in an article detailing the treachery

of the Chinese, says the Governments of France and England are about to take measures together to inflict chastisement and obtain every satisfaction which so flagrant an act of treachery requires.

## SWITZERLAND.

Little is said of the Conference at Zurich, and it appears to have lost all interest. The Plenipotentiaries continued, however, to have occasional interviews. The latest telegram dated 13th, says the Conference had been suspended until Count Colloredo received fresh instructions from Vienna.

## ITALY.

The National Assembly of Parma, on the 11th, unanimously voted by ballot the decadence of the Bourbon dynasty, and perpetual expulsion from the Government of all Princes of that house. In the same sitting a vote of thanks to Napoleon was agreed upon. On the following day the same body voted unanimously, by ballot, annexation to Sardinia.

The National Assembly of Romagna had decreed that all those who have governed in the Romagna from the 12th of June to the present time, have deserved well of their country. They have also decreed the ratification of the title and authority of Cavour as Governor General, with responsible ministers, and that Cavour be charged to co-operate energetically for the accomplishment of the wishes of the Assembly to procure a more intimate union with the other provinces of Italy.

The Herald's Paris correspondent states that Victor Emmanuel is disbanding his army, the men are supplied with passports for Tuscany and Modena, where they will swell the army of Central Italy.

## RUSSIA.

It is stated that the Circassian Chief, Schamyl, had been taken prisoner and was sent to St. Petersburg.

## AUSTRIA.

The construction at Pola of two fifty-gun screw frigates and twelve sloops and gun-boats had been ordered.

The Vienna Gazette publishes an imperial decree for the regulation of Protestant churches in Hungary, the Woywodschaft, Croatia and Slavonia, and the military boundary district.

The non-official part of the same paper contains an article promising that great concessions will be made to Protestants of all other provinces.

The same journal, in its non-official portion, publishes an article expressing satisfaction with the article in *The Monitor*, advising people of Central Italy. It further states, that in considering the state of affairs in Italy from that point of view, *The Monitor* increases hopes for peace, and banishes fears which had been entertained till now.

## INDIA.

The Calcutta mails of August 8, and Bombay of August 21, reached London on the morning of the 14th—the day the steamer sailed.

Lord Clyde, in general orders, had warned the European troops of the disadvantage of taking their discharges, but only a few had withdrawn their names, and the number of discharges in Bengal would reach 6,000. Two regiments of Madras cavalry had shown signs of disaffection in Hyderabad.

Some excitement existed among the Mahomedans of the Punjab.

The Sikhs on the Nepal frontiers had two engagements with the rebels, who, in the Mountain of Nepal, number about 8,000 men.

European intelligence had reached Calcutta through the Red Sea Telegraph for the first time.

## CHINA.

The following are the important details of the startling news from China:—The English squadron, under command of Admiral Hope, attempted to force a passage up the Peiho, with the view of running up to Peking. It is said his intentions were pacific, but he was prepared to meet with resistance. The object of the proposed visit to Peking was to convey the English and French Plenipotentiaries to that city for the purpose of exchanging the ratification of the treaties recently made with France and England. The ambassadors finding, on coming near the forts, that there were no proper officers to receive them, decided to remove the bar, and pass up the river. Six or seven hours, however, were spent in the rain, endeavoring to effect this, and during that time not a single gun was fired from the forts, although the gun-boats were at a distance of 500 to 700 yards only, and some of them had got aground.

At 1:30 P. M. a signal for action was run up, and the *Opossum* and *Plover* pushed in close up to the first barrier. Suddenly, about 2 P. M., the guns in the fort opened fire, and the action became general. The fire of the



Chinese, both in weight and precision, was such as was never before experienced at their hands. In about two hours the fire of the Chinese began to slacken, and soon afterward became almost silent, although every shot of theirs told, while the British guns did comparatively little damage to the mud walls. At about 5 P. M. the signal was made for the troops to land, and there were then no doubts of a speedy victory. Just as the first boat touched the shore the forts opened a perfect hurricane of shell, ginal balls, and rockets, which mowed down the men as they landed. The ships threw in as heavy a covering fire as they possibly could. The enemy's fire continued so heavy, and the mud on landing being up to knees and sometimes to waist, that out of 1000 men who landed, barely 100 reached the first three wide and deep ditches, which, after some five hundred yards of wading through mud, presented themselves.

Of the few who got through the mud difficulties, scarcely twenty had been able to keep their rifles or ammunition dry. Nevertheless they boldly faced the ditches, and some fifty of them, including a crowd of officers, succeeded in getting as far as the third ditch. They would certainly have made a good attempt to scale the walls, but the ladders had either been broken by shot or had stuck in the mud. With one who remained, however, ten devoted men sprang forward, three of whom were immediately shot dead and five wounded severely. A vertical fire of arrows, as well as a constant fusillade, was kept up on the select band, who now crouched in the ditch, awaiting, in vain, for reinforcements. Orders were at last given to retire. In effecting a retreat probably more lives were lost than in advancing, as the Chinese, by means of blue lights, discovered the position of the men, and shot them down like birds.

Many boats had also been smashed by shots, and there were not enough to take off the survivors. Several boats, full of the wounded, were struck by balls and swamped. The total killed and wounded of British is 404; French, 4 killed and 10 wounded. The total of marine brigade only—officers, 1 killed and 10 wounded; non-commissioned officers and men, 27 killed and 127 wounded.

Admiral Hope was severely wounded, as also were several prominent officers. Some wounds are said to have been inflicted by Minnie balls.

The Americans towed up several of their boats into the action, and after the action took out to their respective ships a number of men.

The belief is universal throughout the squadron that Europeans manned the batteries as well as Chinese. Men in grey coats, with closely cropped hair, and with Russian features, were distinctly visible in the batteries, and the whole of the fortifications were evidently of European designing. Some of those who advanced near to the wall even go so far as to declare that they heard men calling for "more powder" in Russian; and this morning it is reported that two dead bodies floated out of the river, dressed in Chinese clothes, but having incontestable European faces.

## CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

### DOMESTIC.

**MISSION AT ST. MARY'S, JERSEY CITY.**—We understand that the Missionary Fathers of St. Paul are to commence a Mission in St. Mary's Church, Jersey City, on Sunday next, 2d October at 10-12 o'clock A. M. Under the active exertions of the zealous and devout pastor, Rev. Father Senez the Church of St. Mary has been recently greatly improved and a new impulse given to piety and zeal in the congregation. On Wednesday, 28th Sept., the Right Rev. Bishop of the Diocese visited the church to perform the interesting, though somewhat unusual ceremony of blessing a bell which has been recently purchased and is to be hung immediately, and henceforth to call the people to prayer in that most beautiful custom of Catholic countries, the Angelus. The services of blessing the Bell commenced at 7-12 o'clock P. M.

**DEDICATION OF NEW CHURCHES IN PENNSYLVANIA.**—We learn from The Philadelphia Herald and Visitor that two new Catholic churches have been recently dedicated in Pennsylvania, one in Middletown, Dauphin Co. Pa. on the 18th September, and the other on the 14th at Bloomsburg, Columbia Co.

**THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. ALOYSIUS, WASHINGTON, D. C.**—We find in the last number of The Baltimore Mirror the following interesting letter in regard to the new church of St. Aloysius in Washington, which is to be dedi-

cated on the Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin. It is dated from Gonzaga College, D. C., Sept. 19:

"Tandem aliquando"—at length we touch upon the happy day for dedicating our church. Two years have elapsed since the foundations of St. Aloysius were laid.

The princely liberality of Mr. Ambrose Lynch has given us for Church and College an ample site, which he moreover permitted us to select on his estate. Our labors have been seconded by many other friends, on whose aid "Religion et bonis artibus"—to religion and literature, we cannot in gratitude, be silent. Their modesty must permit the expression of our thanks. Our hearts swell with gratitude while we look upon the stately architecture, designed by Father Sestini, and executed by Peter Gallant, our builder. The desire to tell the left hand what their right hand has done for us is irresistible. Dr. Hoban is at the head of our list of actual contributors. Long may he minister at the altar raised in honor of "the patron of youth" to his God, and often seated in the confessional, around which the covenanted mercies of the Most High cluster, thence, as from a sacred dispensary, may he impart healing remedies to souls, for whom Christ died.

Often without the means to pay the mechanics and donors of the temple, we should have been forced to desist from the work, had not the unasked generosity of John C. Thompson, time and again accommodated us from his ample fortune, and encouraged us to accomplish in Washington for St. Aloysius, what he had aided our brethren to complete in Baltimore for St. Ignatius. May our Lord multiply and ever preserve in His Church such lay Jesuits. Sacred architecture will flourish under their influence, and heaven will reward them for the glory beautified by shrines reared to "the greater glory of God."

A goodly list of names ranging from \$3,000 and \$2,000, and \$500, down to 25 cents, have from time to time kept us from being defeated, and braced our sinews to the work before us. Mr. Alexander Provost, as a cheerful giver, wore his liberal check "to Mother Church or bearer." A desire to embellish the universal metropolis, and to testify a public spirit, to promote useful undertakings and great improvements moved several not of the one old of the one Pastor, to subscribe and do unflinchingly for the rising edifice. Among the foremost and most efficient of these were the names of Mr. McGuire and Mr. Wendell. Indeed for the honor of the city, where a residence has been selected for me, I can say with pleasure of its inhabitants that, with rare exceptions, their performances have kept pace with their promises, and, no doubt, if the hard times ever have an end, all who have subscribed will realize their hopes.

With silent efforts we have striven to do something in the City of Washington for religion and education. An altar is built, and under its shade a tent is to be set up for the servants of God, wherein to introduce the arts and sciences. As we labor for divine religion, we dare not despair, but will crown the past to increase hope and make an omen for the future. On the Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin we will open our new church, with the permission of our learned and venerated Archbishop, with a priestly blessing. His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, has been invited, and kindly condescended to accept the invitation. The new holders will take possession of their pews on that day; from which the regular daily service will begin. Two of the Fathers will reside at the church, in the ample sacristies and rooms adjoining it.

The foundations of the College, God permitting, will be laid this fall.

I write at this early period, to give notice to our Maryland friends, to whom Father McGuire has made himself, in last May and June, if I mistake not, favorably known. Madame Cecilia Young is having her weekly rehearsals for the dedicating Mass; and if our grand new organ is not set up by the day, an equivalent of instrumental music will be provided.

Yours &c., CHARLES. H. STONESTREET.

**TRAVELLING PRELATES.**—The late important Church proceedings eastward brought several distinguished prelates from a distance to aid in the ceremonies, and Baltimore was last week favored with the presence of several of them on their way home.

Rt. Rev. Richard Pius Miles, the venerable Bishop of Nashville, who is now in his seventieth year, the oldest man in the American Hierarchy, but still sprightly and active, spent several days with his friend, the pastor of St. Vincent's. He received and returned the visits of many of his old friends, who were delighted at seeing him again after an absence of seven years.

Right Rev. Bishop McGill made a short stay among us, but it was one of great plea-

sure to his numerous friends, and we doubt not but that it was equally so to himself.

Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, of Louisville, stopped with his relatives, who together with a host of friends through the city, gave him a cordial welcome, and felt a pleasure in having it in their power to do so. He is always a favorite here. [Baltimore Mirror, Sept. 24.]

### FOREIGN.

**WHAT RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN SARDINIA MEANS.**—The Independent, a Catholic journal of Aosta, in Savoy, has been condemned by the Piedmontese tribunal of that town to two months of suspension, three months' imprisonment in the person of its editor, and a fine of 1,000 francs. Its printer is also condemned to a fine of 100 francs and the expenses of the trial. This is Piedmontese and liberal justice with a vengeance.

**THE PRESENT RULERS AND THE CHURCH IN FLORENCE.**—We find in a letter from Florence to The Univers, the following:—"A triduo was lately celebrated at the Annunziata, in Florence, for the restoration of peace and good government in Tuscany. The crowd of the faithful assisting thereat was immense. The present rulers, enraged at this, sent an officer of gendarm to the church, who addressed to a religious, whom he found in the sacristy, the demand, 'At whose orders has the thing been got up?' The religious answered he did not know. 'Oh,' said the sbirro, 'all those candles on the altar may soon become swords to cut your throat.' 'Not so many would be needed,' quietly answered the religious. On the arrival of Prince Pontikowski in Florence, the visiting cards of all the respectable population were left at his door, as a silent protest for legitimacy."

**DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ANNECY.**—The Bon Sons, of Annecy, announces the death of the Bishop of that town. Monsignor Louis Pendu was seventy years old, and was one of the most distinguished members of the truly admirable clergy of Savoy. He died surrounded with his clergy, who were gathered together at Annecy for the annual ecclesiastical retreat.

**THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.**—The Abbe Halluin, a priest of Arras, a former pupil of the college of Mgr. Hoffreingue, in Bologne-sur-Mer, has received this year the award prize Monthyon for virtue at the great prize of the French Academy. This good priest has founded, out of his own means, and with the assistance he has afterwards received, an establishment where are now gratuitously educated, boarded, and clothed, 170 poor children.

**A NEW SCHOOL FOR THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AT OMAGH, IRELAND.**—On Monday, the 5th instant, the Rev. Mr. O'Kane, P. P., Drimghagh, laid the first stone of a new building intended for the Christian Brothers' Schools, Omagh, and previous to so doing, read the service proper to the occasion, and concluded with a brief but impressive prayer for the happy completion of St. Colum's Christian Brothers' Schools, Omagh. The site is well chosen, being on a moderately sloped hill, immediately in the rear of the parish chapel, and adjoining the new convent. The intermediate space between the building is intended for a residence contemplated to be built for the pastor of the parish. [Correspondent of Derry Jour.]

**OUTRAGES AND ATROCITIES OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTIONISTS—LIBERTY, AS THEY UNDERSTAND IT.**—A letter to The Union says:—

"At Verucchio, a small town near Rimini, there is a convent of Poor Clares, famous over all the country for the holy and mortified life led by the Sisters, and the object of the respect and veneration of the whole population. The Sisters kept a young ladies' boarding school, or conservatory, as it is called in Italy, that is to say, they educated such children as their parents condescended to them. As the confidence of the inhabitants in the virtue and talents of their excellent mistresses was boundless, the conservatory was one of the most flourishing in that part of Italy."

"Last week, a numerous band of volunteers who are in barracks at Rimini conceived the horrible design of breaking into the convent and committing acts of the greatest barbarity. They marched, therefore, on Verucchio, uttering loud cries and singing songs of revolting obscenity. Some officers sought to stay them and induce them to return, but in vain. One, whose courage must be honored, drew his sword and placed himself before the gates, hoping to restrain these wretches; but this generous officer was soon laid low with a mortal wound, the gates were broken open, and the nameless barbarities which ensued may be guessed, but no modest pen can describe them. The odious crime of Neruchio is not the only one to be deplored. Count de Malatesta has just been assassinated for protesting against the injustice of the times. The Count, whose family was of the most re-

mote antiquity, enjoyed general esteem, and had married a few years ago a young Russian lady.

"The murder of two estimable ecclesiastics is also reported, who opposed the plunder of their parish church. A Bolognese gentleman, who had been denounced as having written several times to the Holy Father to assure him of the fidelity of a certain number of the citizens, was seized in his own house and shot the next minute, without any form of trial."

A letter from Florence, dated August 30, to The Univers, says:—

"Our newspapers give you very false ideas on the state of the country. I write to tell you the real state of things. We are living under a frightful tyranny. The revolutionists oppose us in every way, and deprive us of every means of declaring our real sentiments. The partisans of the House of Lorraine are very numerous, but generally are persons who, from condition or circumstances, are averse to violence, and feel themselves unable to encounter the factious, who stick at nothing. The clergy, the country people, and a very great number of the landed proprietors belong to this party. They are waiting, and seem resigned to making no effort until they have the certainty that help from without will reach them. The opposite party knows this, and tries to redouble its fears by all kinds of threats, followed, if needful, by deeds."

The Journal de Bruxelles has a letter from Rome:—

"The spoliation of the Church has commenced in Romagna. A decree of the Revolutionary Government transfers the property from the hands of the legal administrators into the hands of a commission dependent on the Government."

"A scene of infamous barbarity and a horrible sacrifice, recalling the atrocities of savages, or of the French Revolution of 1793, has just occurred at Verucchio, a small town near Jarli. A band of revolutionary soldiers, arms in hand, have stormed a convent of nuns. After having sacked and pillaged everything, these Satanic wretches committed the most hideous excesses on the poor nuns, carrying their brutality to the last outrages. An officer, seized with horror, tried to restrain them, but was killed on the spot."

### ECCLIASTICAL MISCELLANY.

On Sunday, August 28th, at the Church of the Marist Fathers, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster admitted two ladies to the profession of the three vows of religion, in the Society of the Holy name of Mary. The ceremony took place immediately after high mass, and before investing the two novices with the habit of the Order, his Eminence, in an eloquent discourse, explained the origin, nature, and object of the religious state.

A letter from Manila dated June 15th, and published by The Regeneration of Madrid, announces the arrival of several religions of different orders in that capital of the Philippine Islands. Among them are ten Jesuit Fathers, under the superintendence of Father Cuevas, who came to found a college. There exists already a similar establishment in the Spanish colony of Cuba. At the Philippines, the Island of Mindanao is to be their special mission.

The mission of Calcutta has just been intrusted to the apostolic zeal of the Jesuit Fathers of the Belgian province. We learn that four Belgian religious are to embark very soon for India. Among them are the Rev. FF. Devos and Deynoudt, of Bruges.

[Blen Paper.]

The vicariate of Quilton is no longer without a bishop. Fr. Charles Hyacinth, Discalced Carmelite, who spent a few years here this year when on his way to Europe, has been consecrated bishop at Rome, and may soon be expected to return. The Rev. F. Menezes, the Catholic priest at Deera, has had the great consolation of receiving into the Church a Presbyterian, and a member of the Church of England. After the fullest instructions regarding the steps they were about to take, the former was received on the 25th of June, and the latter on the 6th of July. [Madras Exam.]

A letter from Switzerland, in The Univers, gives a most interesting account of the general meeting of the Society of Pius IX, held on the 23d and 24th of July, at Schwitz, under the presidency of Count Scherer. In the five dioceses of Switzerland, the Society reckons eighty sections. More than three hundred members were present. Among the speakers who addressed the meeting were remarked the Rev. Fr. Theodore, who spoke on the Catholicism of the present time; and the Counsellor General Frubourg, who called attention to the conference of St. Vincent de Paul, in Switzerland. The Swiss society has received an invitation from the society in Germany to assist at its general meeting at Frubourg, in Baden, on the 12th to the 15th August.



## METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and circumstances connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make *The Record* a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be fully informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be *Quo Vadis* of the Editor to make it Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

New York, Nov. 8, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chain without necessity interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,  
+ JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier.....\$3 00  
Price per year served by mail..... 2 50  
Price per copy, for six or more..... 2 00

To Canadian subscribers *The Record* will be sent for \$4 per year, as there is an advance of five cents per copy in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$3 50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:

To transient advertisers.....12 1/2 cents per line.

To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per line.

No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders and communications should be addressed to the Editor, No. 371 Broadway.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

## CATHOLIC DISABILITIES IN THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY—PROSELYTISM OF THE CHILDREN OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

If one hundred thousand British troops were paraded at Aldershot Camp, or on the Curragh of Kildare, it would be found that seventy thousand of the number—almost three fourths of the force—were Irishmen, and the great majority of them Catholics. The preponderance of Irish Catholics in the English navy is not quite so large; but the "dark fishers of Connemara," as well as the boatmen of the Foyle, have lent many a gallant defender to the fleets of Duncan, Nelson and Howe; and both are at this moment well represented on the decks of the squadrons of Great Britain.

No stronger evidence of the malignant tenacity with which England clings to the last remnant of her penal code can be given, than the proclamation of the fact that, even now, these Catholics are not entirely free in matters of religion, and that in some regiments, and on board some war-ships, they do not enjoy the benefits of emancipation in any way; whilst Catholic services, Catholic teachings, and the visits of Catholic priests are completely ignored in almost all the institutions opened for the shelter of the children, orphans, or otherwise, of the men who have died, or are engaged to, fight the battles of their country.

As an instance, we may state that in all the home institutions for military and naval orphans—the Royal Hibernian Academy and others—the Protestant religion is openly taught to the little ones, although it is well known to Government that the parents of the majority of them were Catholics. So it is in India. The fine institution endowed by the late Sir Henry Lawrence, for the relief of the widows and orphans of soldiers, is conducted on strictly Protestant principles, the Governor-Gen-

eral treating it, in this respect, as a "private institution," so arranged by its founder, but at the same moment giving it an official support, and collecting into it as many children as possible. The regimental schools at home and abroad are taught with an eager view to the proselytism of Catholic children, and the religious Catholic soldier who keeps his offspring from them—as he may do—is a marked man with regard to promotion and regimental privileges during the remainder of his term of service. Of this there is the most conclusive proof. Soldiers on home service are marched to the Catholic churches on Sunday by a commissioned officer, but it frequently occurs that this gentleman will object to the reading of papers by the priest from the altar—such as the regulations for Lent, a Bishop's pastoral, or the conditions of a Jubilee—and order his men out, thus preventing them hearing the service of mass to the end, or receiving the benediction of the Church. The clergymen of the Established Church have at all times free access to the military hospitals of England, and visit the wards, lecturing all the sick indiscriminately; whilst, when a dying Catholic soldier calls for the services of a priest, there are so many military forms to be complied with before the clergyman is admitted, that the patient is frequently in *articulo mortis* before he sees him; and sometimes, knowing the difficulties of his situation, the man does not call for him at all.

England was taught one good lesson in the Crimea, where she was shamed by witnessing the attention which France paid to the religious consolation of her own troops, as well as by seeing the liberality and tolerance of the priests and Sisters of Charity attached to the brigades of the Emperor. Since that time she has appointed a few Catholic military chaplains in India and England. But this is not enough. All disabilities on account of religion should be abolished fairly and fully in her service, and the Catholic priests, regimental and parochial, should have opportunity to discharge their mission in all hospitals, schools, orphan asylums, war-ships, and artisan shops, without hindrance.

The importance of this subject may be estimated when we state that, during the month of October, the Department in London is to forward four thousand soldiers' wives and five thousand five hundred children to the districts of Calcutta and Kurrachee, India. We fervently trust that they will permit the Catholics amongst them to remain Catholic, and thus afford the greatest joy they can give to the husbands and parents. Men who give their physical energies, even life itself, to the State, should have their consciences free; but we regret to say it is not so in the army and navy of England by any means; nor is it *entirely* so in the service of the United States—a matter still more incomprehensible to us.

## MILITIA FORCE OF THE UNITED STATES—MILITARY ESPRIT IN OUR CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

The militia men regularly enrolled for service on the books of the thirty-three States of the Union now amount to two millions and a half, the largest portion of whom are uniformed and parade regularly, the remainder being within call of the authorities at any time when their services are wanted. This force (of which Illinois furnishes the greatest, and New York next in amount) renders us perfectly secure against foreign invasion, even if it were compelled to act independent of the regular army and the hundreds of thousands of well disciplined youths who would rush into the volunteer companies in case of such a calamity. No other country in the world possesses such means of repelling

foreign attack as our own, for although a great naval power, or two such united, from abroad might, in case of war, do a great deal of damage to our seaboard cities and towns, their ravages would be confined to these localities, as it is very likely that no European Government will ever again attempt to march an army into the interior.

When we reflect seriously on the constitution of this great arm of defence, we may be justly proud of it. In physical development, habits of self-reliance, bravery, ability to endure fatigue, education, and a thorough knowledge of the geography of the soil, the militia troops of the United States are unsurpassed, and the daily evidences of patriotism which these men give in self-maintenance and clothing cannot be equalled anywhere else. Every description of soldierly excellence may be found in this immense body. The solid gravity of the northern troops, such as those of the New York State militia, is relieved by the chivalrous vivacity of the volunteers of Virginia, whilst the bayonets of Massachusetts would, if required to charge against the foreigner, find the way well cleared by the deadly aim of the flanking rifles of Kentucky. The "Rangers" of Texas know no fear; and we are pretty certain that the nervous system either of the trappers of the Colorado, the hunters of the prairies, or the miners of California would be very little affected by the presence even of regiments of excited and furious Turcos.

The invasion of foreign countries is outside the line of policy of our Government, but it is certain, so diverse is our climate, that our trained fellow-citizens would, if necessary, furnish men who could fight in the snows of Russia or under the sun of India without experiencing any ill consequences from the extreme cold or heat. Possessing such advantages, we believe that our present boundary dispute with England on the question of the occupation of San Juan island will be peacefully arranged, and in our favor. General Scott has gone to British Columbia, with the olive branch of fair dealing in his hand, but he retains the sword of Lundy's Lane by his side, and in his keeping the honor of our flag is secure. Should England attempt any diplomatic trickery on the old hero, she may evoke such a general indignation all over the States as will find expression in her summary expulsion from every portion of the continent—Canada not excepted; for this is a subject which could be treated very effectually by our militia force, without the aid—perhaps even without the order—of the General Government.

We may state, in connection with the subject of our militia force, that military classes have been and are still being introduced into many of our Catholic Colleges. In the excellent institution of St. Vincent's, Bardstown, Kentucky, the pupils, whose parents approve of it, (and that is almost the entire number), are regularly drilled in military tactics and dressed in uniform when on parade. This will produce very good results in the physique of the young men, and will send them out to the world accomplished as citizen soldiers as well as educated gentlemen. The children of Kentucky require no stimulus for their patriotism, but as the knight is not less bold from being well instructed in the art of war, so the drilled Kentuckian will not be less certain in his aim with the rifle from having been taught the small arms drill and the use of the bayonet and broadsword. Our readers do not comprehend half the good which our many Catholic educational establishments are silently conferring on the country, of which the feature just now alluded to is not the least important with respect to future national contingencies.

## EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL AS AFFECTED BY THE GALWAY STEAMERS.

The emigration returns of the British government for the month of August bear involuntarily, but reliable, testimony to the merits and increasing trade of the Lever line of steamships from Galway. Six thousand seven hundred and fourteen emigrants took their departure from Great Britain during the month, of which three thousand four hundred and fifty-one were natives of Ireland. The large proportion of these persons who embarked at Galway has had such an effect on the trade of Liverpool as to cause its notice in the official paper, which says: "A remarkable feature is the large falling off in the number of Irish emigrants sailing from the Mersey, the decrease during the month being nearly five hundred." This means that the Irish emigrants resorting to Liverpool had been gradually reducing in force until they stayed away to the number of five hundred in August more than the falling off in July.

We thus have it placed on record at last that the poor Irish emigrants were of great help to Liverpool, and are now missed from her stores and boarding houses. Some years since one would think, judging from the Liverpool journals, that the Irish were a sort of nuisance there, and that the inhabitants paid them a compliment in caring for them and trading with them when about to ship. We are exceedingly glad to find that they can now dispense with such attentions and courtesies, and they are enabled to go on board from an Irish city and bound out to the ocean without danger and free from the many ruinous money charges and demoralizing influences contracted in Liverpool. The amount of Irish emigrant cash unnecessarily spent there during the last twenty-five years is incalculable, whilst the outrages daily perpetrated on the exiles during the same period will never be told.

We therefore rejoice to publish the fact that both are in active process of abatement, by means of the new steamship line, as proved by the returns. No doubt but the fact will produce an indignant howl from the British press, and we would not be surprised to hear the papers accuse the Irish of ingratitude because they do not continue to risk their health and lives in crossing the Channel on dirty cattle boats in order to enjoy the living of a Liverpool boarding-house for ten or fourteen days.

No amount of casuistry or cant can alter the face of nature; nor can any length of newspaper logic bring Liverpool as near to New York as Galway is, or ever change her location from the wrong to the right side of the Mersey; for it is a fact that if the town had been built on the Birkenhead shore the floating sand banks which now render its approach so dangerous would not come so often in the course of vessels. Let the Irish continue to help this country by patronizing Galway and England will soon say she "wants" them.

## MOVEMENT TOWARDS RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN SWEDEN.

Late letters from Stockholm state that the Swedish Cabinet was, on the suggestion of the young King, engaged in preparing a bill having for its object the extension of a measure of religious toleration to dissenters from the State creed, and it was hoped that it would be submitted to the Diet in October. We chronicle this news for these reasons—first, that it is a perfect ecclesiastical curiosity of Protestantism to say that it is just at this period of the Nineteenth century it is making a move to permit freedom of conscience in one of its earliest strongholds; and in the second place, as evidence of the truth that even Lutheranism cannot remain proof against the assaults of a free and indepen-



dent press when directed at its barriers of intolerance. The persecutions lately instituted in Sweden against Catholic converts from the State creed as well as against the priests who received them into the Church were warmly denounced by many of the English newspapers as well as an influential portion of the American press. Amongst the latter *THE RECORD* stood prominently forward, detailing the circumstances connected with the leading trials and calling loudly for freedom of opinion and a free circulation of the Bible in Sweden and Norway.

The *expose* had a good effect on the mind of the heir apparent to the throne and he now seeks—his father having since died—to put the new ideas into practical shape. It is doubtful, however, if he can do much in this direction, for the privileged orders of the nobility and State Church clergy, who rule the Diet, have always frowned down the very breathing of the word "toleration" and will, we fear, strangle the bill now shaped by their Sovereign. As the King's is a movement in the right direction we hope he may succeed. Indeed he is already seconded by a large party of men in the State, to whom, of course, his Majesty's wishes are law, as at the recent elections in the Kingdom the "Liberals," or opposition candidates, were triumphant in nearly every district. A General Clerical Council of the United Protestant churches of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, was held in Stockholm early in September which at its second session divided into the "toleration" or "no change" (or intolerant) parties, the advocates of toleration, making some brilliant orations in favor of the cause. They did not succeed, however, but we trust that their day of triumph is near.

CONFIRMATION AT YORKVILLE, N. Y.—On Sunday, the 25th inst., the Most Rev. Archbishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to about four hundred persons in St. Lawrence Church, Yorkville. Among those confirmed were many Converts to our holy Faith. The Most Rev. Archbishop preached also at the High Mass to a large congregation.

The above Church is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Walter J. Quarter, and on this occasion was crowded to repletion. The school, which has been established within a comparatively brief period, is numerously attended, and is at present in such a flourishing condition that the respected Pastor speaks of commencing the erection of a new building at no distant day. We wish him every success in his truly praiseworthy efforts.

#### HOW FAR VICTOR EMANUEL OF SARDINIA RESEMBLES JULIUS CESAR.

The poet makes Anthony inform us, in his oration over Caesar's dead body, that he had three times presented a royal crown to the warrior, which he did "thrice refuse." Now on the 3d of September last two crowns were presented to Victor Emanuel in Turin, which he at once refused. At this point, however, all likeness between the Roman Conqueror of former days and the Territorial Annexationist of modern times ends. Caesar declined the diadem from a magnanimity of soul, but the King of Sardinia refused the united arch-ducal crowns of Tuscany and Modena for the reason that he was not free to accept, not being fully informed of the will of Napoleon Bonaparte and the feelings of the other great Powers of Europe on the subject. Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the hollow pretences of Cavour in setting the King forth, at the commencement of the Italian war, as a liberator of the people of Italy than this. In fact all he wanted was money and territory, and Napoleon, having seen through his real intentions after the cam-

paign opened, pulled him up suddenly by the treaty of Villafranca of which the end is not yet.

It would have been much better if a General Congress of the Great Powers had considered and settled the affairs of Italy before so much blood was shed in war, for we find that since the recent treaty everything in that country is unsettled and confused. The Zurich Conferences have been suspended and no result has ensued from the sittings. Indeed we think that the outline of an "Italian Confederation with the Pope at its head," as traced out by Napoleon, must be filled up and acted on. For this reason we should like to see the Grand Dukes returned, so that peace and unity of purpose would be infused through the body politic. The legitimate dynastic and Catholic claims of the Ex-Duke of Modena should give him a strong hold on Napoleon's influence; as he himself is the heir of the Royal Stuarts of England by direct inheritance after the death of Cardinal York in 1807. His eldest sister Theresa is married to Henri, Comte de Chambord, *de jure* King of France; and his youngest sister Mary, wife of King John of Spain, is mother of the Infanta Charles, who is heir presumptive in the male line to the throne of Spain. If the "Divine Right of Kings" is worth anything the Duke should be restored with the Tuscan rulers and the Ex-Duchess of Parma, and then let us see what the new "Federal Union" can do for Italy.

#### CATHOLICITY IN DENMARK—A PASTORAL VISIT TO COPENHAGEN.

Simultaneously with our notice of the commencement of a more tolerant era with regard to dissenters from the State Church in Sweden, we have great pleasure in announcing the fact that the King of Denmark has paid a marked tribute of respect to a Catholic Bishop. Right Rev. Dr. Melcher, the distinguished and zealous Bishop of Osnaburg, having lately set out on a pastoral visit through his extensive diocese, the King sent him a special invitation to come and visit him at his country seat at Skodsborg. The prelate accepted it, and dined with the King, who was so pleased with him that he granted him permission to extend his diocesan visit to Copenhagen—an act not permitted since the first period of Protestant dissent from the Church. The best consequences to religion and order are to be hoped from the pastoral exertions of Bishop Melcher when in the city, as his piety and zeal have made him respected everywhere.

An idea of the work he has to perform may be gathered from the statement that he is the only Catholic Bishop to be found in regular charge from the Baltic Sea to the confines of Holland, having to exercise his functions in Denmark, Hanover, Brunswick, Hamburg, Bremen, and about one-half of the Prussian territory. He will not, however, use his mission less fervidly in Stockholm.

THE HEALTH OF HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.—The attack of erysipelas under which, as announced in *THE RECORD* of the 24th of September, the Holy Father was laboring on the 27th of August, resulted in a general fever about the end of that month. The crisis was a very anxious one, but the constitution of His Holiness triumphed, and both diseases were, when the Arabia left Liverpool, subdued. All audiences at the Vatican were suspended for some days and the Pope had gone to Castel Gondolfo by advice of his physicians.

APPOINTMENT TO THE VACANT SEE OF MOBILE.—We understand that Rev. John Quinlan, Superior of the Seminary at Mount St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, has been appointed by the Holy See to the Bishopric of Mobile, rendered vacant by the death of Right Rev. M. Porter.

#### GENERAL GARIBALDI AS A PHYSIOLOGIST.

Madame Mario, (Miss Jesse Meriton White), the famous anti-Papal lecturer, who lately delighted all the old ladies of Exeter Hall and New York by her prophecies of the speedy downfall of the Catholic Church, the annihilation of the Papedom, the republicanizing and Protestantizing of Italy, and other agreeable fictions, the relation of which put a good many half crowns and quarter dollars into her pockets, set out from this city for a tour in Italy during the progress of the late war. She was commissioned, it was said, as an Anglo-Mazzinian agent, and landed at the scene of action with—

"Fire in her eyes, and papers in each hand,  
To rave, recite, and madden round the land."

This could not be permitted, and Madame was arrested by the authorities at Bologna, and put in prison. This act would have been the making of her fortune, as a lecture theme for the coming winter, but for the advice of General Garibaldi, who visited her, and said, as we are told in *The London Times*, "that the English lady was only a half-cracked creature, and that both humanity towards her mental infirmity and courtesy to her sex demanded her instant release." The Government of Bologna set her at liberty immediately. General Garibaldi will be looked on as a physiologist in Italy.

In justice to Madame Mario, we must state that her brother, Mr. White, has written to *The London Times* and other papers, indignantly repelling the inferences of the General as to the state of health of his sister. He says that Garibaldi lately collected funds for her mission in Italy, and so far from their treating her as a person of weak mind, he entrusted the education of his son to her care. "*Tempora mutantur*;" and Garibaldi sees fit to turn from Mazzini and his agents, and worship the "new rising sun" of Italy's hopes in the person of Napoleon. We may expect Madame Mario in this city soon, with a well-filled budget of Italian horrors, and copious notes on the evils of the Papal rule. Tickets, only twenty-five cents.

#### THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE IN DANGER—CHANCES OF A NAPOLEONIC WAR WITH ENGLAND.

The French disarmament, which was so curtly announced after the termination of the Italian war, and even then produced such universal joy in England, causing her to "breathe freely," proceeds very slowly. Indeed it appears as if the Emperor only intended an enlarged furlough for his well-disciplined and victorious troops and a more extended run on shore for his veteran sailors. Nothing more has yet taken place, whilst we find that the most extraordinary attention has been paid to the condition and strength of the naval ports on the coast, as well as to the supply of war material in the great arsenals. An immense quantity of the largest cast iron plates have been furnished for the protection of the embrasures and walls of Cherbourg, and in a few months the front of England's "standing menace" will be sheathed in iron, in a manner which will throw Sebastopol entirely in the shade. The commands and divisions of the army have been altered, so that MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, watches Belgium—if he does not threaten her—with his victorious legions; Neil and other Generals look after Prussia on the Rhine; Valliant keeps Italy from excesses; so that the Emperor himself perfects his plans with his mind perfectly at ease.

The imperial amnesty has cut away all ground for complaint from the exiles for political offence, and abated all sympathy with those who refuse to return home. The dangerous lever which England hitherto possessed, and used, for the agitation of the Continent is thus broken, and her

influence in that quarter, which was destroyed during and since the period of the war, can never be restored. The conferences of France and Austria at Zurich—for we make no account of Sardinia in the matter—took a wide range, and there is little doubt but the two Emperors are now *en rapport* on a new line of policy, and that their cordial union will enable both to despise the policy and cabinet contortions of John Bull and the German diplomacy of Prussia, even if both were aided by the open hostility of Russia. France and Austria in alliance, strengthened by Napoleon's new allies in Italy, can effectually humble, aye even conquer England.

It is highly probable that he will attempt it. The idea of that war is far from being obliterated in France, and the recent license granted to the press only reveals its intensity. Daily in Paris, under the eye of Napoleon, are the most violent articles against the commerce, the politics, the Church and the army and navy of Great Britain, put forth without check, and we find her called "Pirate," "Land Robber," "Home Intriguer," and the "Enslaver of Nations," by the Paris press without warning. Such things irritate a nation, and England is well irritated, but she is afraid to avow it, for the slightest spark would produce an explosion which would consume her.

The recent fortification of Antwerp by Belgium may afford a moving cause for a war, as Napoleon looks on the act with jealousy. A general European congress will soon meet on the affairs of Italy, and in this assemblage England must either forego all her *prestige* in continental affairs and solemnly pledge herself to an abstinence from interference in such matters, or stand on her defence. Should she do the first she falls to her proper rank as an insular trader; if she refuse she will, most assuredly in our opinion, fall under the effects of a French invasion, for which Napoleon is now nearly fully prepared, and in which he will have the support of Austria, Italy, and perhaps Russia, as well as the "God speed" of all oppressed nations from Ireland to India and from the Ionian Islands to Melbourne.

#### OUR NORTH-WESTERN BOUNDARY DISPUTE WITH ENGLAND—WE MUST KEEP POSSESSION OF SAN JUAN ISLAND.

The occupation of the Island of San Juan, which is situate in the Straits of Fuca, between Washington Territory and Vancouver's Island, by United States troops acting under command of General Harney, has brought the question of the definition of the territorial limits of our north-western boundary to a point of exact issue between our Government and the English Cabinet. There is no possible chance that the settlement can now be postponed or evaded, for made it must be, either by diplomacy or the sword. We published a *resumé* of the history of the affair in *THE RECORD* of the 24th of September, announcing, at the same moment, the departure of General Scott for Fraser River, charged with a special mission from President Buchanan to the English authorities. A very wide discretionary margin has been left by the Cabinet to the old hero, and it is very generally hoped that through his prudence and firmness the complication may eventuate without bloodshed.

Since the General left New York, we received advices by the Overland Mail from the point in dispute, and must say that the aspect of affairs there was very threatening. General Harney had five hundred United States troops on San Juan Island, who had thrown up very strong earthworks, and planted their field-pieces so as to completely command the British settlement in Victoria City. The naval forces of both countries in the surrounding waters



were about equal. General Harney and Governor Douglass, who represents the Queen of England, are both impetuous men, and Harney had written to Douglas that he sent his soldiers to the island to protect our citizens from the insults of the British authorities of Vancouver, as well as those of the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company. A very slight collision between the parties, or any two members of them, no matter how insignificant in rank, occurring previous to the landing of General Scott, may precipitate a war with Great Britain.

We do not believe that our Government will, even in view of this serious contingency, give up the San Juan island. It belongs to us by natural situation and by the treaty of the 15th of June, 1846, which fixed the boundary as running "along the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of said channel and of Foca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean." San Juan having been since found to be very rich in minerals and to command, in a military sense, the Straits of Foca and the navigation of the Georgian Gulf, England wants to dodge the effect of this treaty by asserting—as there are two "channels" separating the mainland from Vancouver—that it was the "channel" east of the Arco Archipelago which was spoken of in 1846. This would give the place to England—a consummation she is exceedingly anxious to enjoy, in order that she may fortify it very strongly, so that it may prove a standing protection for the great trade of the western portion of the continent, which she intends to direct as much as possible from New York northward through the Canadian provinces and British Possessions in general. This commercial struggle will be duly inaugurated by the arrival of the Great Eastern at Portland and the opening of the Great Canadian Railway from Sarnia to Quebec and Portland next November, in connection with the Great Victoria Bridge. There is little doubt but before many years the immense home trade of India, China, and Japan, and Australia will tend towards the Pacific, so that England, being well planted on our North West borders, and with these splendid means of transit for export, would soon oust our carriers from their share of the profits and monopolize the traffic.

These are her present hopes and intentions, but we are equally certain that New York will always retain her commercial advantages, which were seen by the Knickerbockers, and have been developing hourly since their day. Our geographical position ensures us this; and we think that our interests in the North West and along the Pacific Coast may be safely entrusted to such men as Lieutenant-General Scott, General Harney, and the citizen troops of Oregon, Washington Territory, and California. If they say San Juan Island is ours—it is ours.

#### To Our Subscribers.

We would consider it a favor if our subscribers would inform us of any failure in the regular weekly delivery of *The Record* at their residences. All cases of the kind will be immediately attended to and remedied. Those who desire to have *The Record* left by the carriers have only to notify us of the fact by mail or otherwise and the paper will be duly served every week.

No person is authorized to receive subscriptions for *The Record* except regularly appointed canvassers. In all cases hereafter where subscriptions are paid to carriers and no receipt is given from the office we will not hold ourselves responsible for the irregular or non-delivery of the paper.

LECTURE ON JONATHAN SWIFT.—Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher will deliver a lecture before the Tom Moore Club, of New York, next Tuesday evening, the 4th inst. The subject is a most prolific one, and will give full scope to the ability of the lecturer. The announcement will be found in our advertising columns.

## LITERATURE.

TRIUMPHS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE EARLY AGES. By Ambrose Manahan D. N. New York: E. Dungan & Brother (James B. Kinkor.)

Lord Bacon in a beautiful simile compares books to ships; these carrying "riches and commodities from place to place, and associating the most remote regions in participation of their fruits," and those "passing through the vast seas of time," bearing to distant ages the wisdom and knowledge of the past. It is not, however, the largest books or ships that always carry the most valuable cargo; we may look for it in vain in three volumes works or three decked vessels. But what a precious freight is borne by the bark whose name floats at the head of our column! Deeply laden with the lore of the Past; filled to overflowing with the literary wealth of centuries, Christian and classic, sacred and profane; impregnated with the odor and essence of antiquity it comes to us bearing tidings of the Church in its infancy, telling of its sufferings, its struggles, and its ultimate triumph.

But dropping metaphor we would say that the "Triumphs of the Catholic Church in the early ages" is a work of rare erudition and research, and that the Rev. Author deserves the thanks of the Catholic community for collecting, from sources not accessible to the generality of readers, and grouping together such a mass of facts and testimony relating to the early Catholic Church. Incidentally, and often as it seems unintentionally, our author throws out valuable information; forced, as we may say in the words of Dryden, from his superabundance "to lay down some at every passage and scatter riches as he goes." The reader cannot glance over a page without observing this peculiarity, and though we cannot say in this case that "the best quarry lies not always in the open field," we can say that we are not turned aside by anything inconsistent or uninteresting. As a history of the Catholic Church is in reality a history of the world it is unnecessary to say that Dr. Manahan's work treats of the political condition and mutations of kingdoms, the social, religious and intellectual life of peoples, the decline of the different schools of heathen philosophy, and the rise, progress, and extinction of heretical epiphemera. Viewing the Past, as he does, from a Christian stand-point the glory of classic art and classic lore cannot dazzle him; he sees behind them the deep degradation, the debasing rites, the foul immorality and the brutalizing tendencies of paganism, and the illusion vanishes. It is well that we should know from what an abyss Christianity rescued the world, and this we could never gather from the modern idea of paganism. Paganism embodied in poetry and personified in art, the source whence our literature draws allusion and illustration, aphorism and fable, will give us no idea of the religion of the Gentiles before Christianity dawned. Yet this is the popular idea of paganism, but in this work the idea gives way to the reality, and we see it in all its deformity. Had our author lived in the age he depicts he could scarcely have added another shade to the picture. Had he taught in the schools of Alexandria or fled panting through the labyrinthine Catacombs of Rome he could scarcely be more conversant with the tone and temper of the times.

But we should now say something of the plan of the work itself. It is divided into four books, and each book is subdivided into several chapters. The first book treats of the condition of the civilized world before Christ; the second, of the establishment of the Catholic Church; the third, the opposition met with in its establishment; and the fourth, the changes effected by the Church in man's nature, the institutions she founded, the churches she erected, the benevolence and enlightenment she diffused throughout the world. In the first book, therefore, we have a view of pagan society in all conditions; we see its influence on the morals of the people; the glittering hollowness of its civilization; the universal corruption, the vices rank and luxuriant, but none of more—

"Luxuriant growth,

Than cruelty, most devilish of them all."

The second book describes the provinces of the Empire, the rapid spread of the Gospel throughout every part of the known world, the rise of the monastic orders, the labors of the holy hermits in the Egyptian deserts, the different Patriarchates and Episcopal sees

and their jurisdiction, and the theatres of the Apostles' missionary labors and martyrdoms. The third book gives an account of the persecutions endured by the Catholics, the opposition of heathen philosophers and heretical teachers to the Church, the weight of the Roman Empire thrown into the scale against her, "the Roman eagle" to use the forcible figurative expression of the author, "flying in the face of the Cross," and the worldly condition of the first converts. In the fourth book we have the propagation of Catholicity, a most interesting account of some matters of discipline in the early Church, the custom of reporting sermons in stenography, the use of relics, the rich splendor of the churches, teaching the blind by means of raised letters, and other matters of equal interest. The last chapter, on "the Catholic Church and the Sects," concludes with the following eloquent passage:

Heresy or occasional Christianity, embodied in the shape of sects, is nowhere seen to be independent of human vicissitudes—has nothing superhuman in its course, but always follows in the diverging channels of human events. How then did it overawe the erring human mind? Seen in times past, since the early ages, the greatest sects look like these vast pillars of moving sand which Bruce beheld in the desert, sometimes stalking along with majestic slowness, sometimes hurried forward by the wind with alarming swiftness, and sometimes buried in the very clods of sand, but one after another, either disjointed at the top or broken in the middle, they were soon scattered here and there by the changing winds that piled them up, until all fell and crumbled away on their native sandy plain. History, since the early ages, meanwhile points to the Church, rising like one immovable rock in the midst of the shifting sands, while each of the sects, her opponents, which is seen and lost sight of again, is like some wandering Arab chief, who, crossing the shadow of the pyramid, with his clan, brandishes his spear against its granite base, and then gallops off and disappears in the desert.

No enlightened nation in Christendom is ignorant of this history and these great features of the old Church. The impression which the Catholic Church makes even on the unwilling mind, comes down with the increasing weight of eighteen centuries. This rock of ages is the only barrier against which perverse opinion still rages and foams in vain. Driven back, error changes its course to roll back against it on the opposite side, but it is there resisted again. It would not be risking much to say, that there is scarce one enlightened mind in Christendom that is not, at some time during life, and perhaps some too often, in the midst of its confusion, with a vision of the venerable, unconquerable Catholic Church of God. She cannot be banished from the world, blotted out of history, or forgotten. Wherever you go on earth, she is there herself. Wherever you wander through history, you cannot avoid her sight; and seen through history, the Church of all ages and nations, independent of all their changes—she rises up before men's minds, surrounded with a strangely solemn majesty, that fills the soul with awe. The unbelieving historical student who considers her establishment of old, as he goes on through the ages, and in the course of time startled to behold her always overlooking him, wherever he lifts his eyes. He seeks to calmly turn away from the sight, and go on; but finds his mind subdued by her presence, into an involuntary attitude of reverence and dread. He owns, perhaps, to himself, that he is a heretic, and that he is a heretic, in the Catholic Church. Macaulay's brilliant homage to her imperishableness, sounds like the labored utterance of what he could, yet would not say, while, half-bending his knee before her, he is striving to look at something else—something human.

Name the Catholic Church of God in the hearing of any one who has carefully read history, and he sees her again as he saw her once. There she stands, triumphant over all the Gentile empires of old, and unmoved for ever, amid all the shifting scenes in which other kingdoms, republics and empires arise, pass on before her, and disappear. Phases of hering of the past, and the future, and the time-worn institutions, the most firmly rooted systems, and flourishing sects, all change around her like lights and shadows that chase one another on the mountain side. She looks out in serene grandeur over the ocean of life, its storms and wrecks; and while men and their works seem only bubbles on its mighty bosom, her consummation of security fills you as you gaze on her, with the awful conviction that, while hearing her, you are in the manifest presence of God.

The mind of man in its fickleness, may lose or change the impression made on him by all else he has met, with of mighty or grand on earth. The Catholic Church once known, she is really is, or once seen in history, before the rise, and after the downfall of nations, still vigorous amid the ruins of once mighty empires,—whose fortune she may control, but whose doom she never shares,—most deepen even the sectarian's belief in the divine religion of Christ, and if not enough to convert

him, will still overawe his soul through life.

Speaking of the hardness of heart engendered by paganism, he says:

Amid the uproar of fierce contests for power or wealth, and the equally fierce and long continued sounds of revelry in vast cities, the cries of infancy were little heeded, and the hostles of death, for ever, by the hand of an unnatural parent. The struggling bodies of the newborn, of the poor and degraded, who formed the mass of pagan society, floated, unnoticed by the rich and refined, down many a classical stream that mirrored in its waters the villas and porticoes of the great, and the fane and temples of cruel gods and more cruel goddesses. Too often, and in too many lands, alas! the baby was left upon the marsh, or in the loathsome purlieu, or on the reeking dunghill, to wrestle but a little while for life with the famished dog or vulture. Millions of the forsaken offspring of the poor and degraded, and not always of these alone, among the hostles of every clime, had no other cradle, no other tomb. Day after day, for many a dreary age, the sun beheld this scene everywhere renewed, until those "good tidings of great joy" came, that might well bring down man's guardian angels, to sing and rejoice over the infant that was for ever to bless the habitations of the children of Adam.

Here surely is a type of character, so base as well as cruel, that it sinks down even below the wretchedness of our manhood, ever fallen! Man alone could never have come to this! The evil spirit, who "was a murderer from the beginning," as our Lord declared, in the midst of his agonizing sweat, gated these horrors. Yea! "they sacrificed their sons and their daughters to devils!" (Psalm cv, 37.) We believe it firmly, and turn with increased delight towards Bethlehem. Never again shall we wonder why "a child is born to us" (Isaiah ix, 6), or why the angels of the Lord should be sent down of mercy on earth to bring forth an Infant.

The third chapter in the first book differs in construction from every other in the volume, and will at once arrest the attention of the reader by its grandeur of conception and beauty of execution, its dramatic power and eloquent intensity. We wish we had space to present the scene entire; but our readers must secure the work and read it for themselves, leave the gay promenades of Rome, all alive with a population enjoying their evening walk, and with the author "glide by the wild slopes of the Palatine, stand for a moment on the spot where the gladiators used to wash their bloodstained limbs in the waters of the Terminal Fountain," then hurry onward towards the Coliseum, there pause and think until imagination peoples the vast amphitheatre with phantom nations bearing shadowy symbols—Babylonians and Assyrians, Egyptians, Medians, Persians, "their mired ministers blazing with all the brightness of their fire-god"—every nation of antiquity enveloped in rays of splendor, and beauty that at last "concentrates into one glow of equal radiance, that seems to play from Greece to Rome, and from Rome to Greece." When they have called up this scene, and thrilled with the emotions it can not fail to excite, let them listen to Christianity interrogating the dead ages, and learn from their replies to appreciate the unutterable blessing of living under the Christian dispensation.

Filled with the inspiration which such a sight long gazed upon infused into my soul, I stepped with calm and dignified pace into the arena, and with all the ease of one embracing the civilization of the whole earth, its ample round,—and waving my hand, I spoke:

Fellow-men! creators of kingdoms and confederacies—warriors and ages—great, bold, persevering men—deep, enlightened, gifted fellows—being you who found the earth unpeopled, and have filled it with all its embellishes and beauties; this magnificent abode of the sons of men—all the works and all the wonders and all the glorious creations in which you now have decked it, sing in numberless strains, from east to west, from north to south, from sea and land, in hill and valley, and in praise of your power and wisdom and knowledge and strength. From the contemplation of your course, we join in echoing your fame and merits, that shall never die in the memories of the tenants of this earth.

My soul has taken into its inmost depths an unending image of the Lord of this visible world. Man, and his highly-favored nature, and astonishing gifts and endowments. But, in the name of our common humanity, let me ask of you all, from the first and farthest back in this range of nations to those who now sit near me in Roman grandeur here, and Grecian gracefulness,—Was our common human nature among you, with all its frailties and unavoidable ills that flesh is heir to? Respond, that I may ask again.

One universal shout arose from all sides, and from the mist-covered phantoms hovering on the walls, down through every range, to Augustus and his peers, the answer was: We were like you in all. I bowed acknowledge-



ment, and raising again my voice, and turning from side to side in token of respectful inquiry, said: Was infancy helpless among you, woman weak and tender, old age languishing—were there among you, too, the sick and careworn, the plague-stricken and naturally crippled, and those on whom grief, and time, and anguish of mind, and the imprudence of disorderly living, and vice, and crime, and the hand of no enemy, and accident by flood and fire, had brought wretchedness, and poverty, and pain, and insanity?

Unanimous again was the answer that reverberated from side to side, and was caught up and repeated by every nation and every tribe—Many—many—many!

Felt you ever, I ventured again to lift my voice and ask,—felt you not the woes of your fellow-creatures—came not pity into your hearts at the sight of their suffering, want, and misery—was there not an emotion that stirred you to relieve, assuage, and comfort the ill-favored and unfortunate of your fellow-men?

Not a sound was heard: the philosophers on every seat turned their faces aside—the oracles on their tripods moved fretfully—the eyes of all were fixed in wonder on me, as, with a still inquiring look, I surveyed them all, and said: Nod, if ye will not deign to speak, your assent.

Suddenly, and slowly, and sorrowfully, they bowed an answer, that told full well their hearts had not been made as unfeeling as they had allowed them to become. I feared to question further, yet burned to make one more demand. Answer, if you please, or by your silent consent give me to understand your reply, to my last respectful and earnest demand. Can you,—and I turned my face and eyes upwards to the highest range, and moved them round the whole circle,—or you, or you,—I asked, as my look turned from seat to seat,—or you,—until it reached straight on the lowest seat,—before me to Greece and Rome, can you all, can any of you, shew me, established by you in favor of human wretchedness or want, one law, one ordinance, one arrangement, great or small, one institution or set of institutions, one series of monuments or establishments among all your wise laws and institutes, your vast arrangements and innumerable monuments of every order, and class, and size,—amidst all the works and wonders which you have built up with such skill and beauty, and magnificence—amidst all the regulations according to which you have so ingeniously shaped out and settled your societies in every past age and in every distant clime,—Can you bring forward here your hospitals and asylums, your homes and refuges, for those who, you stated, were many among you, and for whom you could and should have made provision?

Answer me, I said,—Have you none to shew, in all antiquity—in all regions of the earth—in all the varied states and empires owning so much wealth, and power, and glory, and renown? I advanced towards the cross, and the figure of the crucified Son of God hanging on it, standing in the centre of the amphitheatre. In the name of Him, I said, "who loved man unto death on that cross, answer me, or be gone!" I said; and then it seemed to me that confusion, dismay, and din, like the sound of routed armies in flight, alone were heard above and around me; and I found that I was kneeling at the feet of the cross, and basking with warm tears my Redeemer's feet, and then as now adoring and blessing Him who gave us as a badge of His discipleship—"In this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another."

THE NATIONAL ORATOR: A SELECTION OF LECTURES FOR THE USE OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN IN SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES. By Charles Northend, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

The author, in his preface, observes that declamation is receiving more attention at the present day than it ever received before. We are glad of it; it is an important branch of study, and its value can scarcely be overrated. Nothing grates on the ear like a sing-song, monotonous tone of voice, which can change the noblest thoughts into mediocre commonplace, reminding one of the fairy fable, dear to childhood, about lips that transformed pearls into worthless pebbles in their passage through them. A majority of the pieces are inserted in reading books for the first time, and are more modern than those usually selected for class reading or juvenile declamation.

It is always desirable in selecting pieces for the youthful reader that a large proportion of them should be productions of native authors; for in this way the young become acquainted with the great names and great minds that shed lustre on their country, and learn to feel a pride in the genius and intellect that make the true glory of a nation. To attain this end, it is not necessary that the selections should be exclusively American; nor are they so in the present instance, though they largely preponderate, both in poetry and prose, and are marked by patriotism and enlightened national spirit. The selections are of all kinds, ranging from "grave to gay,

from lively to severe," from the impassioned burst of eloquence to modern rhyming burlesques, and from the pleading of the advocate to the grave or amusing dialogue. It has one great advantage over the reading books used in the Common Schools, that is, its perfect freedom from sectarianism and open or covert attacks on the religious convictions and belief of a large class of the American people.

The work is well got up, clearly printed on good paper, and firmly bound.

NEW ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA, embracing the first principles of the science. By Charles Davies, L. I. D., Professor of Higher Mathematics, Columbia College. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

This is a new edition of a work which, for twenty years, has been a text book in our schools and has retained its position to the present moment. In order to keep up with the improvements in the system of teaching mathematics, introduced from time to time, the book has been carefully revised by its author, and while everything valuable has been retained, all the modifications and changes that time and experience have proved to be desirable have been incorporated with the work, rendering it more worthy of its author. The "New Elementary Algebra" is got up in the same style as the "National Orator," and with equal care and attention to details.

BOOK KEEPING by Single and Double Entry; simplified and adapted to the use of Common Schools. By W. W. Smith and Edward Martin. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

This is a very useful book and contains all that is necessary for the student of this particular branch of knowledge. It is divided into different parts, each treating of a distinct subject. The great number and variety of its examples renders it very valuable to beginners, and for it embraces every form of business transactions; and the subject has been so simplified that it can be thoroughly mastered with very little outside help. The first part has been prepared with particular reference to the educational want of females in this study.

EL NOTICIOSO DE NUEVA YORK.—The new Spanish-American paper which has been recently started in this city is, we are glad to learn, gaining rapidly in public favor, and has met with such success already that it may now be regarded as firmly established. It is a paper that has long been required, and is conducted in a manner that shows its Editorial head is thoroughly conversant with the wants of our Spanish-American population. The immense trade which is carried on between New York and the ports of Spanish-America, renders it an almost indispensable medium of news and business. Its circulation, however, will not be confined to this portion of our commercial classes, for all who want to be fully informed in regard to the commerce and trade of the Spanish-American countries will find in its columns the desired information. The Noticioso is neatly printed on good paper, and enjoys a most extended advertising patronage—a fact which shows how highly it is appreciated as a business medium. The Prospectus will be found in our advertising columns.

#### Obituary.

CHARLES F. FAIRBANKS.

We regret to learn by the late European mail that Charles F. Fairbanks, the author of "Aguecheek," died recently in Paris. He has been long and favorably known as a contributor to the Boston press, and his untimely death is universally regretted.

A NURSERY AS SUPPOSED, AND AS SEEN BY ONE WHO HAD KNOWN NOTHING ABOUT IT.—Dr Buist during his northern trip, communicates his notes of travel, short and pithy, to that excellent paper The Louisville Herald. While at Montreal he visited the establishment of the Gray Nuns, and says:

A Nursery is somewhat different from what I had supposed. Indeed, I have never met a book which gave me the least hint of its true character. I had supposed it simply a religious house for unmarried females; but they are not so at all; they are chiefly hospitals for the infirm—old, blind and sick, and orphan *aylms*, where hundreds of children are educated and taken care of. And the nuns are engaged in managing superintending, teaching, sewing, and in every respect controlling these large and charitable foundations. This feature in the Nursery is most commendable, and makes them very popular in Montreal.

The Nunneries, too, are very wealthy, and have great influence. About seven hundred persons live in the establishment of Gray Nuns, and but one hundred and twenty are Nuns, so you may judge how largely it is a charitable institution.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHILDREN.—In France the child is brought up, develops itself, grows and studies under the eyes of its mother. If he walks she watches him; if he speaks, she listens; if he weeps, she pities him; if he laughs she laughs with him; if he plays, she joins him. His thoughts, emotions, tears or smiles, joys or griefs—all are shared. The family is not numerous, hardly more than two or three brothers and sisters; but this little world lives under the eyes of the father and mother, and the anxious, active, farseeing affection of the latter anticipates their wants and wishes. In England there is nothing similar. There you will not find the tender intimacy and foresight of our domestic hearths. Almost as soon as a child is born, it is confided to strange hands—a French woman or German takes care of it and teaches it her own language. Later, it joins its numerous brothers and sisters, and plays and studies with them, under the care of a governess. Once a day, at lunch, the father and mother descend and mix with their children; and in these short moments, when the family is united, I do not know whether respect does not close their young mouths, and restrain the rapture of their youthful hearts. The repeat finished, the noisy recreation follows, animated and joyous, far from their parents, in separate apartments, under the cold and indifferent eye of the governess. Even as the gaze of an English child is steady and assured, is that of a French child veiled and profound. *I will*, says the one—I dream and I love, says the other.

A GOLDEN WEDDING IN BRILUM.—An old couple, named Oudendyck, who carry on the ironmongery business at Lierre, in Belgium, two days ago celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage. A grand mass was performed in the church, and in the evening there was a numerous assemblage of their friends at dinner, among the party being the persons who had attended them half a century before as witnesses at the marriage.

We regret to announce the death of Rev. Louis Muscarello, which took place at Allahabad, on the 29th ult. Father Louis had been previously on the mission in England, and on his appointment as military chaplain was sent out to Bengal to do duty with the troops. The lamented deceased was of the order of Capuchins.—[Madras Examiner, July 23.]

#### HOUSEHOLD MARKETS.

The stormy weather which has visited this city during the past week has affected very materially the retail business at Washington Market. Since our last report the prices of apples, fish and butter have had undulating changes. In the poultry and game business there has been some slight changes and additions. The season for game has commenced, and notwithstanding the interdiction ordinance of the Supervisors, is publicly sold to those who desire it. Among the new kinds that have appeared since last week, we mention partridges, woodcock and rabbits.

In the fruit trade water melons and musk melons are getting scarce, and will soon be out of season. The Fall apple crop is said to be below the average, and supplies have come in quite freely, but the qualities are said to be quite inferior. In regard to the quality or quantity of winter apples no criterion can be formed from the fall crop, as it is a trick of speculators to over supply the market, in order to intimidate first hands and force them to sell, under the supposition that the supply is larger than the demand. The following is a scale of prices now demanded for the various qualities of the retail prices of Western sweets, per barrel.....\$2 00 to \$2 35 Golden apples, mixed lots.....1 37 to 2 00 Common apples.....1 25 to 1 50 Orange pippins.....2 00 to 2 35 Red streaks.....1 75 to 2 00 Twenty-eighths.....2 50 to 3 00 Fall pippins.....2 75 to 3 00 Ontario pippins.....2 00 to 2 35

BEER—Strain Steam, 15c; Porterhouse Steak, 13c; Buny Steak, 14c; roasting pieces, 12c to 15c; Chuck roast, 10c to 12c; corned pieces, 10c to 12c.

MUTTON—Chops, 14c; hind quarters, 12c to 14c; fore quarters, 12c to 14c; Turkey, 16c to 18c.

VEAL—Cutlets, 16c to 18c; fore quarters, 8c; hind quarters, 12c.

EGGS—Large, 4c; Orange County Butter, 28c; per lb; Western, 16c to 28c; State, 16c to 28c; Cheese, 11c; Eggs, fifteen for 25c.

SWINE—Coddish, 6c; Flounders, 8c; Eels, 12c; Porgies, 6c; Blackfish, 2c to 10c; Sea Bass, 10c; Striped Bass, 12c; Weakfish, 10c; Sheephead, 30c; Halibut, 10c; Kennebec Salmon, 30c; Haddock, 6c; Brook Trout, 50c to 60c; Bluefish, 10c; Kingfish, 10c; Crabs, 10c; Oysters, 50c to 60c; Clams, 5c to 10c; Lobsters, 8c; Soft-shell Crabs, 37c to 50c dozen.

FRUIT—Sour Apples, \$2 50 per bbl; sweet do., \$2 25; Peaches, \$2 00 to \$2 25; preserving Peaches, \$1 25 to \$1 50; Watermelons, 16c to 20c each; Muskmelons, 30c to 40c each; Winter Melons, 12c; Cucumbers, 10c; Squash, 4c to 10c; Bartlett do., 15c to 20c per quart; Crab Apples, 6c; half peck.

VEGETABLES—Mercer Potatoes, \$1 87 per bbl; Buck-eyes, \$1 50; Dicksman's, \$1 50; Sweet Potatoes, \$2 50 to \$3 25 per bbl; Tomatoes, 37c to 50c per basket; Cabbage, 5c to 8c; Cauliflower, 12c to 15c per head; Squash, 4c to 10c; Spinach, 2c to 3c per head; Peas, 12c to 15c; half peck; Green Corn, 12c; Potatoes, 8c; Plant Potatoes, 10c; Lima Beans, 12c; Parsnips, 6c; Carrots, 6c; bunch; Spinach, 6c to 8c per basket; String Beans, 12c to 15c; Onions, 16c to 20c per half peck; Table Celery, 12c per bunch.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

LECTURE BEFORE THE TOM MOORE CLUB OF NEW YORK.

By THOMAS FRANCIS MEEHAR, On "Jonathan Swift, the Dean of St. Patrick's," at the Cooper Institute, Tuesday evening, OCTOBER 4, 1899, at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents. [oct 11]

DR. NICHOLS' LECTURES ON CATHOLICITY AND PROTESTANTISM.—The following series of Lectures is now in course of publication:

- I. The History of the Holy Catholic Church.
- II. The History of Protestantism.
- III. The Popular Objections to Catholicity.
- IV. The Doctrines and Evidences of the Catholic Church.

V. The Catholic Church, the Church of the Bible. Each Lecture makes a neat pamphlet of seventy pages; and they are furnished at the rate of 15¢ for \$1, 50¢ for \$5, sent by mail, post-paid, either one Lecture or the series. Nearly thirty thousand have already been ordered for gratuitous distribution. The first three are issued, and the other two are in press and will soon be ready. Address T. L. NICHOLS, M. D., New York. oct 11

ROGERS AND RAYMOND, (Nos. 121, 123, and 125 Fulton street, corner of Nassau street, desire to offer at the commencement of the Fall a FEW SEASONABLE GOODS.

TO PURCHASERS OF FALL CLOTHING. Our stock comprises every variety of men's business and dress clothing, includes all the best fabrics, foreign and domestic, was cut out by fashionable artists, in the latest styles, and made up by superior workmen, affords a broad field of selection for merchants, mechanics, clerks, farmers, professionals, travelers, sporting men, &c., and with all these merits has another of paramount importance, viz.,

CHEAPNESS! No house in the Union, manufacturing clothing of equal excellence,

SELLS AT SO LOW A FIGURE, or presents such a diversity of attractive styles,

as to have one price for each article and make no reduction therefrom.

ROGERS & RAYMOND, to meet the demands of a large and increasing trade in present for the Fall of 1899 the most extensive and attractive stock in this department they have ever submitted to the public.

HEADS OF FAMILIES ARE INVITED to examine our new styles of dress, school and office clothing for boys and youths, and our fancy suits for very young boys.

THE PRICES WILL PLEASE economical parents as much as the articles will please their sons.

ROGERS & RAYMOND would suggest to gentlemen who prefer clothing made to measure, that their

ORDER DEPARTMENT is furnished with a very superior stock of Fall and Winter goods, and supplied with capital workmen, and that, as regards

FASHION AND FIT, as well as cheapness, their clothing made to order, is guaranteed to give the highest satisfaction.

ROGERS & RAYMOND, oct 11 Nos. 121, 123 and 125 Fulton street.

St. PETER'S CHURCH, STATEN ISLAND.—Rev. J. O'DONOVAN, D. D., will preach at St. Peter's Church, New Brighton, Staten Island, on SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, at half past 10 o'clock. A collection will be taken up at the same time for the benefit of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham.

FURS!! FURS!! FURS!!!

It is true that a want of knowledge may make one go against his own interests, which all will do that do not purchase their Furs at the Great Northern and Western Fur Trappers' Depot that has been located at

N. O. BOVERY. The experiment of starting a head-quarters where the hunters could send their choicest captures, thus affording Furs retaining the peculiar lustre found only in fresh Furs caught at proper seasons, was commenced two years since, to great advantage, through the recommendation of those who had bought, compelled the Manager to add the magnificent Sales Rooms now opening. The Agents have just returned with a splendid assortment of the choicest lot of Furs ever seen in New York. So hasten to the Northern and Western Fur Trappers' Depot. DRAKE, Manager, oct 11 No. 3 Bovey.

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for California and South Pacific Coast, per U. S. steamer NEW YORK, will close at this office on the day of October, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

oct 11 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Bremen, per U. S. steamer NEW YORK, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 1st day of October, at 10½ o'clock A. M.

oct 11 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.



## A LETTER FROM THE ETERNAL CITY.

A visit to St. Peter's—First Impressions of the Building—A View of the Exterior—The Grand Entrance—The Chapel—The Chair of St. Peter—The Dome—The Tomb of St. Peter and Paul.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

Rome, Italy, Aug. 27.

Upon my first visit to St. Peter's, I must confess I was much disappointed, for so perfectly does each part of the tremendous structure harmonize with the others, that it is all but impossible to receive a correct impression of its size. But on my next and next visit, I was more and more impressed with its grandeur, although even upon first sight I had fully appreciated its beauty, both in an architectural and artistic point of view. The best view of St. Peter's is to be had from between the arms of the immense colonnade, just as you emerge from the Borgo Nuovo, the way leading from the Castle of St. Angelo. Our party paused here, as if by some natural impulse. From this spot the eye takes in the whole of the immense piazza, together with the magnificent edifice itself. If you go nearer, you will lose the view of the dome, and about the only thing that will astonish you will be the immense height of the pillars. Probably there is no edifice in the world with a more pleasing facade than that of St. Peter's. It is simple, without monotony—grand, without exuberance of ornament. It is adorned with ten columns of the Corinthian order—four supporting a pediment in the centre, and three on each side. The entablature and attic are in strict accordance with the rules of the Corinthian order. From the centre of the immense pile rears up into the air that majestic dome which has been the wonder of the past, and will be the wonder of future ages. Enthroned upon it stands the symbol of Christianity, seeming to show forth from this place its power more strongly than ever. Upon each side is another belfry, though much smaller dome, also cross-crowned. At each extremity is an immense clock, surmounted with the tiara and keys, the insignia of the Papal See. But let us move on towards the church. Entering between the arms of the large colonnade which extends from each wing of the building to the end of the portico, we go up by a gentle elevation along a beautiful granite laid piazza, till we reach the vestibule. We have now walked about eight hundred feet—a pretty good length for a single portico. In the centre of this open space is a large Egyptian obelisk, surmounted by a cross, containing a piece of the true one. On one side of this is a colossal statue of St. Peter—upon the other, that of St. Paul. Two of the magnificent fountains, for which Rome is so justly celebrated, also adorn this piazza. The colonnade alone would be a credit to any city—its equal is in none. It is composed of three hundred pillars of the Doric order, arranged in four rows, and supporting a fine entablature. The circumference of each pillar is over twelve feet. Upon the attic of the entablature, in a direct line over each pillar of the front row, we have a colossal statue. Between each row of these columns, four mounted troopers can pass abreast. But we are now in the vestibule. We must not even this make a handsome church? Let us enter the basilica. The first feeling we experience is that of awe, everything is so stupendous, and yet so perfect. We must respect and admire the genius of the men who reared this edifice, remembering, at the same time, by what spirit they were animated. The ceiling of the nave is made up of carved panellings, richly gilded. Here and there we have large pillars contributing to the support of the roof. The side chapels and their entrances are adorned with columns of the most exquisite marble—white, black, green, red, grey, and parti-colored. Most, if not all of these, are cut each from a single block. In the chapel *Della Pietà* is the famous sculpture of Michael Angelo—the Blessed Virgin and the Dead Saviour. This work, executed in the artist's twenty-fourth year, must be seen to be appreciated. In the next chapel, that of St. Sebastian, lies buried Pope Innocent XII. But the next chapel, that of the Blessed Sacrament, is without doubt the finest in the church. Of about the size of an ordinary New York church, it is adorned with the most elaborate carvings and gilt-work. Its tabernacle, guarded, as it were, by two colossal angels, is truly magnificent. Over the altar is the famous mosaic, *La comunione di San Gerolamo*. Sixtus IV and Gregory XIII are buried here. The chapel of the Holy Virgin is next in or-

der. Constructed from the designs of Angelo, it truly presents a beautiful appearance, with its alabasters and amethysts. Here is the splendid work of Canova, the mausoleum of Clement XIII.

But time does not permit me to go through all the chapels, so we will proceed at once to take a look at the dome. But first let us pause and admire the "chair of St. Peter." The chair itself is enclosed within another of bronze, and supported by four colossal statues of the same material. These four figures represent St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Jerome, and St. Gregory. What emotions agitate the Catholic breast as it pauses before this memorable object—before that chair, from which the first Roman pontiff sent forth his missionaries. One almost hears him use the words of our dear Saviour, "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and as he turns away and realizes the extent of the power of that pontiff's successor, he thinks of the promise, "And behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." To the right of this sacred relic is the beautiful tomb and statue of Urban VIII, founder of the Pontifical Urban College of the Propaganda. To the left, a corresponding tomb containing the body of Paul III. But to the dome. This architectural wonder is adorned with large panels running lengthwise from the edge to the vanishing point, each being subdivided into smaller panels, elaborately adorned with carvings and mosaics. So high is it, that it really tires the eye to look for more than a few seconds at the culmination point. At the base, upon a blue ground is the inscription in golden letters, "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." There, in the proudest part of the proudest edifice man ever reared to his God, is written the promise given by the Divine Framer to his Church—that promise which has been ever kept; and although the gates of hell have often opened, and vomited forth heresy upon heresy, schism upon schism, still irremovable, firm and unchanged; firm as the rock upon which she is built, unchangeable as the word of God which erected her, stands the church of God, her arms outspreading the whole surface of the earth, her words reaching the utmost corner of the globe. Immediately under the dome rise the tombs of St. Peter and Paul. The confessional, as it is called, is surrounded by a beautiful balustrade of white marble, surmounted by over a hundred ever burning golden lamps. In front of the tomb is a fine statue of the holy Pope Pius VI. The confessional is covered with a brazen baldachin, above 90 feet in height. The domes were made from the bronze taken from the Pantheon, and are surrounded by a golden vine, which curling gracefully around them, reaches the canopy above and there luxuriantly spreads itself all over the dark surface of bronze. A certain Englishman once looking at this prodigy of art, declared it like "a four footed bedstead." Barbarian! Here, hanging over the apostle's tomb, together with many other votive offerings, are the pectoral cross and episcopal ring of Dr. Ives, late Protestant bishop of North Carolina. On arriving at Rome, he laid them at the feet of the first Roman pontiff. How many before him have paid their devotions at this holy spot! How many sovereigns, in the ages of filial submission to the Church, have performed the difficult pilgrimage, and before the tomb of the poor fisherman of Galilee received their crowns and titles of power! Here, where we now stand, have knelt a Constantine, a Valentinian, a Theodosius, a Belisarius, a Saxon Cadwalla, a Lintprand, an English King, a Scotch Macchadast, a Danish Cristern, a Pepin and a Charlemagne. Here also worshipped an Alfred, a Charles, an Otho and a Henry—but it would be tedious to go on with the enumeration. In St. Peter's there are upwards of thirty altars, each adorned with some beautiful mosaic. But the most beautiful ornaments of the church are its statues. In addition to those of the founders of religious orders, arranged along the grand nave, those of Longinus, Leo the Great, Alexander VII, Urban VIII, Julius II, Clement XIII, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Veronica are worthy of the highest encomiums human language can bestow. The floor of the building, of choicest marble, is laid in the most artistic manner. As we are going out let us pause and admire these

two cherubim supporting the holy water basin. They are over six feet high (pretty good sized infants) and carved from the most transparent marble. The basin is of dun colored marble and covered with two large leaves of solid gold. On the opposite side, we have another group and basin exactly like this. To do justice to this magnificent structure, language is unavailing. The works of the best artists would, of themselves, excluding the beautiful architectural ornaments, render it the most magnificent building in the world. In the attempt to praise, language fails. Never has there been, and probably never will there be, an edifice more magnificent, or even as splendid as this. Larger, one may sometime be, but adorned as this—never—unless Catholic art hereafter attains as high a pitch of excellence as that to which it reached in the times of Angelo and Raphael.

R. J. P.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE THIRD ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL Will be held at the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, No. 448 Broadway, October 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1859. Tickets FIFTY CENTS each—can be had of the members of the several Conferences.

GEORGE SAUNDERS' METALIC TABLET RAZOR STROP.—This invaluable article may be obtained of the sole manufacturers, J. & S. SAUNDERS, No. 7 Astor House, and of the various agents throughout the city. a6 cm

AGENCIES.—We have the following Agents for the Record, in addition to those already announced:—

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Messrs. Downing & Daly, 139 South Eighth street.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Mr. James S. B. Smith, 38 North Gay street.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, Camp st. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Mr. John J. Kelly, 267 Washington street.

COPIES OF THE RECORD can always be had at the Book Store of GEORGE W. CASSELY, 27 Madison street.

mh19 tf  
THE FLUSHING RAILROAD CARS FOR CALVARY Cemetery leave the Hunter's Point, opposite Thirty-fourth street, East River, at 9:15 and 11 A. M. and 1:30, 4, 6 and 7:30 P. M. Returning, leave the Cemetery at 6:45, 8:15 and 10:15 A. M., and 1:15, 2:45, 5 and 7 P. M., on week days, and on Sundays hours will be run. Fare each way 5 cents. Persons from the lower part of the city can take the steamer Mattano at Fulton Market Street at 9:15, 3:45, 5:30 and 7:30. Fare 10 cents. j25 1/2

O. CHARLICK, President.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

GENIN'S HAT STORE, 507 BROADWAY.

TO THE PUBLIC.  
The Fall campaign opened with the most complete original and extensive stock of Gentlemen's Dress Hats. Gentlemen's Felt and Beaver Hats. Boys and Youth's "H" and Caps. Brought out expressly for the present season, and adapted to all tastes and pursuits. GENIN, Hatter, 507 Broadway.

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER and Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. mh5

BRADY'S GALLERY HAS REMOVED FROM No. 303 Broadway to No. 643 Broadway, corner of Bleeker street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERRETYPE and AMBROTYPE. aug13 tf

## FURNITURE.

IRON BEDSTEDS, IRON HAT RACKS  
Iron Store Stools.—Stools put up in store free of charge. Circulars sent on request. Liberal terms to the trade. JAMES SCOTT, No. 127 Centre street, corner Canal street.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"ENDORSED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS"—The greatest remedy known for DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, DEBILITY, BILIOUSNESS, LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, BILIOUSNESS, BLOOD DISEASES, &c., &c., &c. DR. BRUNTON'S BITTERS.

Also, as a cathartic agent, in cases of ST. PETER AND AGUE, CHOLERA, SUMMER COMPLAINT, &c. This remedy has a very pleasant taste, and will be taken as readily by children as by adults. The afflicted are invited to try it.

PINK BOTTLES—PRICE 25 CENTS. Send for circular giving full particulars. Address C. CRUGER, Sole Agent, No. 42 Broadway, New York.

Sold by Druggists and dealers everywhere. my38 1/2

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, UNDER the charge of the SISTERS OF CHARITY, West Eleventh street, near the Seventh avenue. ap8 6m

VERGNE'S ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS.—The only establishment attended by M. Vergne, the inventor of the cure of rheumatism, debility, neuralgic diseases, &c., &c., &c. No. 119 Fourth Avenue, New York. aug 8m

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## INSTRUCTION.

LORETTA FEMALE ACADEMY, MARION COUNTY, Ky.—The Loretta Academy, so long favorably known to the public, is situated in Marion county, Kentucky, near the Loretta station on the Lebanon Branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. It is thus brought within three hours travelling from Louisville, and remote of easy access from all quarters. The site, elevated and commanding an extensive and picturesque view, is beautiful and healthy. The buildings are large and airy, the grounds are spacious and handsomely set with trees and shrubbery, and afford to the pupils ample opportunity for agreeable and healthy recreation, under the supervision of their Tutoresses. The institution possesses all the privileges of a charter of incorporation from the State of Kentucky, and it is under the supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville.

The system of government is mild and parental, whilst at the same time it uniformly enforces due order and discipline. Every means is taken to promote the health, comfort and improvement of the pupils, and the pupils in every respect, when sick they are nursed and watched over with the most tender care.

The course of instruction is adapted to the branches of a complete polite education suited to young ladies. The instructoresses will always aim, in their method of teaching, in a particular manner at solidity, and a sedulous care will be bestowed on the advancement of the pupils in the most useful accomplishments, under the influence of religion. A special attention will be paid to the thorough religious instruction and training of the Catholic pupils, whilst no solicitation will be used to change the creed of the others. The Academy will always be provided with ample means of imparting the education it professes to give, and of fully realizing the expectations of the pupils and of their parents and guardians.

The academic year consists of ten months, from the first Monday in September to the beginning of July. Pupils are not received for less than a season of five months, but those intending to stay in the Academy during vacation can enter at any time during the year.

THE BRANCHES TO BE TAUGHT ARE:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, with Geography, History, Rhetoric, Composition, the Elements of Botany, Astronomy, Natural and Mental Philosophy and Chemistry, French Language, Plain Sewing, Millinery, Needle-work, Embroideries, Tapestry, Basket-work in all their variety, Shell and Chenille Work and Plagiaris, Drawing, Painting in Water Color and Oil, Gouache, Landscape, Painting in imitation of Oil Colors, Mezzotint and Monochromatic Grounds, Music on Piano and Guitar.

TERMS FOR SESSIONS IN ADVANCE.  
Boarding, Washing, and Tuition in the common branches, viz.: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Plain Sewing, Marking and Needle-work, per Session of five months ..... \$45 00  
Board and Tuition in French, History, Rhetoric, Botany, Chemistry, Composition, Philosophy, Botany, Rhetoric, or in any of these ..... 50 00  
Tuition in French, per Session of five months ..... 5 00  
Music on Piano, with the use of Instrument, per session ..... 15 00  
Music on Piano, with the use of Instrument, per session ..... 12 00  
Drawing and Painting in Water Colors, per session ..... 5 00  
Monochromatic and Mezzotint Painting, each per session ..... 5 00  
Board and Tuition in French, per Session of five months ..... 5 00

## GENERAL REGULATIONS.

1. Payments must invariably be made semi-annually in advance.  
2. No deduction will be made for absence during each session, except in case of illness, or other excusable causes of public worship on Sundays and other days.

3. Parents and guardians must furnish the pupils with suitable clothing, books, stationery, or they must deposit an amount of money sufficient to purchase these articles in the hands of the Treasurer, who will account for the same.  
4. Medical attendance and medicines are charged to parents.

5. The non-Catholic pupils will be expected, for the sake of order and good order, to abstain from exercises of public worship on Sundays and other days.

6. The correspondence of pupils, except with their parents and guardians, is under the supervision of the Tutoresses. All communications respecting the Academy should be addressed to the Mother Superior, Loretta Academy, Loretta P. O., Marion county, Ky.

AGENTS OF THE INSTRUCTION.—Webb & Lovett, 521 Main street, Louisville, Ky.; Joseph H. McGill, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.; J. C. McGee, Esq., Lexington, Ky.; Main street, New Orleans, La.; Marime & Hayden, Lebanon, Ky.; J. N. Natchez, Miss.

EXERCISES.—Eight hours per day, Spalding, D. D., Louisville, Ky.; Very Rev. Dr. Spalding, V. G., Louisville, Ky.; Very Rev. D. A. Duparcq, V. G., Lebanon, Ky.; Rev. S. W. Loretta, Ky.; The Rev. President of St. Mary's College, St. Mary's P. O., Marion county, Kentucky. se4 1/2 tf

ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y.—This institution is situated near the Allegany River, within a short distance of the Allegany and Olean Stations, on the New York and Pennsylvania Railroad.

The scholastic year is from the first of September to the first of July.

TERMS.  
Tuition, Board, Washing, and Mendage, per annum, to be paid half yearly in advance, \$180.  
Modern languages and music for extra charge.  
PAMFLO DA MAGLIANO, O. S. F. President. se24 1/2

AT RETAIL, BRIDAL WEATHS and VEILS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS and COIFFURES, JAMES TUCKER, at Nos. 261 and 269 Broadway, three doors from Franklin street. aug 8m











## INSTRUCTION

Persons visiting the Seminary may stop at St. Mary or Rozier's Landing, where they may procure a conveyance to the Seminary.

VERY REV. S. V. RYAN, V. C. M.,  
Superior

Hudson Terrace, Hoboken, N. J.—Terms for board  
Washing and Tuition in Classical and Commercial cour  
ses, including French and Vocal Music \$200, per annum  
Annual session begins September 1. New pupils re  
quired at any time, provided without extra charge. Spe

**ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE,**  
No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH ST., NEW YORK.  
Classes will be resumed in this Institution on MON-

Board and Tuition per annum, including Stationery  
Doctor's Fees, &c., \$200,  
Music, Drawing, Painting and the Languages form

**S T FRANCIS' COLLEGE.**  
Under the charge of the FRANCISCAN BROTHERS.  
This Institution, situated in Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa., was founded by St. Francis Xavier, O.S.A., as the route between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, has been lately chartered, with privileges to confer the usual College Degrees.  
The location of the College is one of the most healthy to be found in Pennsylvania; this portion of the Allegheny River is surrounded by its pure water, bracing air and picturesque scenery.  
The scholastic year commences on the 1st of September, and terminates the 1st of July following; it is divided into two sessions.  
Students do not return home between the sessions.  
Washing up of Books, reason-boards, Cribbage, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, Elocution, History, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Astronomy, Botany, Zoology, French, Italian, Spanish, Latin and Spherical Trigonometry, Engineering, Surveying, Mensuration, Landscape and Perspective Drawing, are all studied, and also Music, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Latin and English Composition, together with the Greek and Modern Languages (if required).  
Unremitting attention will be given to the intellectual and moral culture of the students, while the discipline will be sustained by the usual religious exercises.  
External compliance with the rules is required from all.  
**TERMS.**  
The annual pension for Board and Tuition (payable half yearly in advance) ..... \$100  
Washing up of Books, reason-boards, Cribbage, &c. . . . . 10  
Pupils remaining at the Academy during vacation . . . . . 10  
Will pay an extra charge of, ..... 10  
No deduction for incidental absence unless occasioned by sickness. . . . . 10  
Postage of letters, books and stationery, if not furnished by the student, ..... 10  
Surveying and use of instruments ..... 10  
Postage of letters, books and stationery, if not furnished by the student, ..... 10  
As well as medical attendance, ..... 10  
Each pupil must come provided with a sufficient supply of stationery, consisting of a pen, inkstand, a pocket-handkerchief, six pairs of stockings, four pairs of drawers, six towels and three pairs of boots or shoes, which articles will be examined by the Director, and literary provision of each pupil will be transmitted to his parents or guardians.  
No deduction for accidental absence unless occasioned by sickness.  
All letters addressed (post paid) to the "Superior of the Province of Maryland," will be forwarded to the Superior, who will receive due attention.  
For further particulars, apply to the Superior of the Province of Maryland, or to Rev. Dr. McCann, O.C.M., Rev. W. Pollard, Loretto, or to any of the Rev. Clergy in the neighborhood of the Institution. slit 8m

**SETON HALL COLLEGE, MADISON,**  
N. J.—Studies will be resumed on Wednesday, August 9th.

**TERMS.**  
Board and Tuition, washing, mending, use of Books, Stationery, &c., per annum ..... \$225 00  
Physicians Fees, per annum ..... 3 00  
Music and Drawing, each per annum ..... 40 00  
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., per annum ..... 10 00  
\$40 extra will be charged to students who remain at the College during vacation. The number of students admitted is sixty.  
B. J. McQUAID, President.

**A CADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,**  
Manhattanville, New York, under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

**ITS LOCATION.**  
The Academy occupies an elevated site on the east bank of the Hudson, five miles from New York City—a position not less remarkable for its salubrity than for the delightful and varied scenery by which it is surrounded. In addition to the beautiful view of the city, one of those beautiful and enchanting scenes so peculiar to this part of the country, the eye being almost constantly attracted by the gleaming spires and steamers, as they glide up and down its bosom.

**THE BUILDINGS.**  
Neither pains nor cost have been spared in the improvements which have been made of late, in and about the institution, all of which are admirably adapted to the wants of the Academy.

**THE SYSTEM.**  
The plan upon which the institution is conducted has, throughout, been understood and maintained. The discipline is mild, though firm. Instruction is imparted in a pleasant and agreeable manner, and paternal vigilance is exercised by the learned and experienced Directors over the conduct of the pupils. Their behavior is kept for the inspection of parents and guardians, and quarterly reports are forwarded to them, giving full details of their progress. They speak French, both with their teachers and among themselves. The youngest among them receive particular care in regard to their dress and other personal necessities.

**TERMS.**  
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery, &c., per annum ..... \$150  
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., per annum ..... 10  
Extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.  
Payments to be made, cash, in advance.

**TUITION.**  
The Course of instruction embraces the following branches: viz: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History Book-keeping, Geometry, Trigonometry, Algebra, Compendium of Nature Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Linear Drawing.  
The following are extra, viz: Instrumental Music, Spanish and German.  
No extra charge for French or Drawing.  
For further particulars apply personally or by letter to the Directors, or send them enclosed in an envelope.

**ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, NEW YORK.**  
This institution, situated at Fordham, eleven miles from the city on the Harlem Railroad, is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.  
The course of study includes the use of bedding, per annum, payable half yearly in advance, \$200; Washing and Mending of Linen, \$15; Physician's Fees, \$3. The Academy is open to all persons desiring admission, whether Catholic or Protestant, and no tuition is spent at the college; for Music, Drawing, German, Spanish, and use of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, besides Books, Stationery, Clothing, &c., when supplied by the Treasurer.  
There are two Preparatory Classes, from which Students are admitted to the regular course.  
The Collegiate Year begins on the FIRST WEDNESDAY of September, and ends about the 15th of July.  
J. J. TELLEE, S. J., President.

**ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION B.V.M.**  
GEORGETOWN, D. C.  
This Academy, established in the year 1779, is located on the Heights of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, commanding a view of the Potomac and a fine prospect of the city of Washington. It is healthy and has many advantages, whilst the extensive grounds attached to the Academy afford ample space for recreation and exercise.  
The Academic year commences on the first Monday in September, and ends about the first of July. Pupils are received at any time, and no session will be charged only for the remaining portion.  
Board and Tuition per annum, including Stationary Disbursements, &c., ..... \$100  
Music, Drawing, Painting and Languages form extra charges,  
..... \$20 up to \$100











